

# The Saturday Evening Post

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## DIED—AGED TWENTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A broken lily from the stem!  
The petals scattered are the noon;  
A star upon the early eve,  
Shut out by clouds, and lost too soon.

A bright bird with his matin song,  
Stilled in his throat by srober's shaft,  
A perfume lost upon the breeze,  
Red wine spilled out, the head unquaffed.

A maiden halting at the door  
Of careworn woman's weary day,  
Called home unfaded, bright and pure,  
Ere life's sweet matin passed away.

M. L. S. BURKE.

## MADAME VANDERLIN'S MAID;

OR,  
The Deed of a Night.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY ELLA WHEELER.

A woman crouched in the shrubbery that grew close up to the long window, and peered eagerly in at the crevice between the lace curtains. A slender woman, dressed in sombre black, with a strangely worn, weary face, coarse, coal-black hair tightly knotted at the back of her head, and eyes of a light, sky blue, that looked odd in contrast with the coarse black hair.

Just now the pale eyes were dark and wide, with some half-suppressed emotion, and her small hands were clasped so tightly that the oval nails looked purple as she peered in at the window.

And yet all she saw was Guy Vanderlin, handsome, violet-eyed, golden-haired, sunburned Guy Vanderlin, laughing gracefully upon the crimson sofa, and Madame Vanderlin, seated upon a low ottoman, twisting the soft rings of his hair around her tapering fingers, and smiling down into his face with her dark, languid eyes. Surely there was nothing in this little domestic "bidding and cooing" to startle or disturb a casual observer. Newly married people are usually more or less demonstrative; and Madame La Motte, the beautiful widow of an absurdly wealthy old French nabob, who was so obliging as to die and leave his widow all his millions, had but just returned from a tour to the new world as Madame Vanderlin, wife of an aristocratic and handsome American. Had but just returned to Paris, that is, for the happy couple had spent more than a year in England, Ireland and Scotland since they left the shores of America, and were now sojourning a season in Paris, occupying Madame's beautiful villa.

The woman crouching in the shrubbery saw Madame's lips move, and heard the murmur of her voice. She crept closer to the window and placed her ear close to the glass. "You do not half return my adoring love," Madame was saying as she toyed with his auburn curls and smoothed his white brow with her soft, fair hands, "do not feel a tenth part of the love for me that I feel for you, I know."

Guy Vanderlin looked in the beautiful face bending over him with a passion that made the woman in the shrubbery grind her white teeth in horrible pain, as he answered in deep, low tones, "Love you, my darling? I love you with a passion that fills every portion of my being. The touch of your fingers, the glance of your eyes, the sweep of your robe, or the sound of your voice will thrill me with such delicious ecstasy that it is almost pain. You are never absent from my mind, waking or sleeping, and I have no hopes, no thoughts, no desires, that are not associated with you. The most cruel agony that would come to me would be to live apart from you. The most excruciating tortures would be preferable to existence without you! Love you? Why, my life, my love, my soul, I have given up everything for you, and how can you doubt my love?"

Madame seemed satisfied with this passionate declaration, for her beautiful face flushed a soft color, her languid eyes grew luminous, and she clasped her rounded arms about his neck and laid her smooth cheek to his with murmured words of tenderness.

The woman in the shrubbery clasped her two hands over her mouth, as if to keep back a scream, and her whole form shook like a reed in the wind.

Madame unclasped her arms after a moment and rose to her feet.

"Come, come, Sir Guy," she said—she did not like the plain American, and always addressed him as "Sir Guy"—"we must not delay the evening all away. You know the Countess Rilland gave a fete in her grand saloons to-night, and we have promised to go. I must ring for Janet and have my hair dressed, and you, Sir Guy, order the carriage to come for us after an hour and a half. We do not care to be early."

Sir Guy arose from the sofa and stood by Madame's side. They were a grand looking couple; he tall, broad-shouldered, erect of carriage, strong of limb and blonde faced; she queenly in her proportions, voluptuous in her figure, every curve full of matchless grace, dark and sparkling. Sir Guy put his



THE WOMAN AT THE WINDOW.

white hand upon her long black hair as it fell in loose coils adown her shoulders.

"But I suppose it must be put up for the Countess's fete."

"Indeed it must!" answered Madame, laughing; and Janet is a perfect jewel in her way. She dresses my hair beautifully."

Sir Guy shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you know that I have an unconquerable aversion to that new maid?" he said.

"What! Janet?"

"Yes, Janet. I shiver whenever she looks at me, as she seldom does, however, with those odd, pale eyes. And her coarse mat of black hair always seems to me like a nest of black snakes. And then the invariable rusty black dress that she wears is somehow very depressing to my spirits. She seems like some witch. Where did you get her, anyhow?"

"Why, don't you remember? It was in London, and Christie married a cook at one of the hotels, and I was in distress at being left alone when Janet came to me. I did not like her odd face and dress at first, but thought I would take her until I could do better, but at the end of a week she had become invaluable to me, and now I would not part with her. She is most and handy and skilful, and does me so many little services. I am sorry you dislike her so. But now go, sir, and order the carriage, and then come back to me. I do not like to have you out of my sight long at a time. Hasten back, and after Janet dresses my hair we will have some coffee and cake while waiting for the carriage."

Guy kissed her tenderly, as he always did, though leaving her for ever so short a time, and then went to order the carriage.

The woman in the shrubbery, who had been listening and watching all this time, ground her white teeth again and muttered under her breath, "To-night, to-night, it shall be to-night." And then, as the sharp ring of the bell fell upon her ear, she rose from her hiding place and fled away.

Two moments later Madame's maid entered the room with her usual gliding, noiseless motion, and her worn, pallid face calm and expressionless as marble. With deft fingers she arranged the silken coils of Madame's purple black hair, fastening it with diamond-headed pins, and winding it about the graceful head in twists and braids, with a few heavy curls falling over one shoulder.

"Now my crimson satin, Janet, and my diamond ear drops and necklace." And Janet robed her mistress in the crimson satin, and hung the diamond necklace, and fastened the diamond drops in the small pink ears.

"Would Madame look in the mirror?" And Madame looked, and her eyes sparkled brighter than her diamonds.

"I never looked so well in all my life!" she cried. "Why, Janet, if you know this way of doing my hair why have you never dressed it so before? It is perfectly beautiful!"

Janet lifted her pale eyes to Madame's face, and a strange light shot into them.

"I was saving it for some grand occasion," she said. "Madame never was dressed for so grand an occasion before since I lived with her, and I have done my utmost to make her beautiful. I am glad she is pleased."

Guy came in just then, and his eyes lighted as they fell upon the radiant vision before him. "Queen of beauty!" he cried, going near to her. "Why, Janet, turning to the silent maid, 'you have made your mistress ten times more beautiful than she ever was before, and she was always the most beautiful

woman in the world. You surely are a fairy or a witch."

Janet bowed silently, and then Madame spoke again as she sat down by Sir Guy on a purple cushioned divan.

"Now bring us our coffee, Janet, and some slices of cake."

Janet left the room, and ten minutes elapsed before she made her appearance. Then she bore a silver waiter in her hand containing two cups, one filled with rich brown coffee, one empty, and a silver coffee pot, which sent out a fragrant steam.

She placed the waiter upon a stand, passed Sir Guy the cup already filled, and poured the other full from the urn and passed it to Madame. Madame looked up at Janet, laughing.

"I read a story once, Janet," she said, "where a maid poisoned her mistress in her coffee. I see you poured Sir Guy's before you came in, and mine from the urn afterward. Now I have a good mind to make you drink a cup full of the coffee in the urn to prove that you did not put poison in it after pouring out Sir Guy's."

Janet was accustomed to Madame's jests, and as a usual thing paid little heed to them, passing them by in her stolid, calm manner. But to-night she went to the little china closet, brought forth a cup, and filling it from the urn drank it down without a pause.

"I have drunk," she said. "Is the Madame satisfied?"

Madame laughed gayly at her gravity, and Guy called her a "foolish wench" for giving ear to Madame's reckless jests.

"And now," said Janet as she put down the cup. "I have a little story I would like to tell Sir Guy and Madame, and ask their advice. Would they be so kind as to listen?"

Both Sir Guy and Madame looked at their reticent, stolid maid in astonishment, but Madame answered sweetly:

"Certainly, Janet. Proceed. We shall be glad to help you by advice or otherwise if you are in any trouble."

Janet thanked her mistress, and then began in her low, monotonous voice:

"Once there lived in America in an old brown farm-house, a light-hearted young girl, who was as blithe and contented as the robin that sang in the tall maples in the yard. She was young, innocent, and ignorant of the ways of the world. She was not beautiful, not handsome, but deemed sometimes pretty by those who loved her. She was not brilliant, not talented or accomplished, yet she had many friends and admirers. One summer a gentleman from the city came to board at the old farm-house. A handsome, elegant, stylish, accomplished man of the world. He had for years been dwelling in scenes of fashion and dissipation, and this quiet old country-house seemed like a heaven to him. He thought he should never care for scenes of wealth and luxury again. He was tired of it all. He was tired of the frivolous and extravagant young ladies of fashion, too, he said, and he told this ignorant and innocent little country girl that she was by far more beautiful in her modest gown than any stylish dame of fashion. By far more attractive in her quiet, domestic duties than the most accomplished young lady of society. He told her that he loved her, and begged her to be his wife. She pleaded her ignorance of the ways of the world, the difference in their stations, her unsuitability for the society of a gentleman from the city, but he would not listen. She was all the world to him, he said. He should never care for that society again. They would go back to the city for a little while perhaps occasionally, but they would make their home in some beautiful country nook, and spend their lives to-

gether in quiet happiness, away from the noise and strife of the city.

"The picture pleased her, and she listened to his pleadings. She pledged him her faith. She married him. For a few months they dwelt together in their country home, happy as the angels. Let us go to the city for a season," he said, and as he had no will aside of his, they went. He robed her in costly garments, as fine as any lady in the land, but she did not feel at ease in them. She was never meant for a society queen. She felt out of place and lonely in the fashionable circles into which he led her. She could not get accustomed to the life, but all his old love of revelry and fashionable dissipation had returned, and he would not go back to the country. He made his home in the grand mansion in the city, and it galled and vexed him that his girl wife was so homesick and unhappy. She had looked beautiful to him in her country home, with her loose simple golden tresses, her soft blue eyes and red cheeks. But she looked plain beside the fashionable belles of society. It annoyed him that she had no accomplishments, while all the ladies she moved with, were cultivated and refined. He grew to be ashamed of her. And then one night at a grand ball, a new star in society's firmament burst upon his sight. A woman so beautiful that Venus would blush before her for very shame. And not only beautiful but rich, accomplished, cultivated, refined, brilliant, talented. She could sing like the angels, and her white hands brought forth wonderful melody from piano or guitar—her form was grace itself in the motion of the dance; and she could write beautiful verses, and paint bright pictures; and she had travelled nearly all over the world. Was it any wonder that this man should love her? Perhaps not. How his face lighted that night at the grand ball when he first saw her. He was walking across the ball room with his wife upon his arm. She (the wife) was dressed in pure white, her golden hair falling loosely about her face. The beautiful stranger stood next—so near her rich robe almost touched the wife's white dress.

"Who is that grandly handsome man," she said to a friend.

"The friend gave his name."

"And the woman on his arm?"

"His wife."

"What," said the stranger, in a voice distinctly audible to both their ears; "what, that elegant man tied to that little insignificant creature? Too bad."

"That was only the beginning. The beautiful stranger selected this man from all her army of admirers to weave her spell around. She bewitched him with her fascinations; she set herself about winning him, and she won him. He had never by word or act before, shown unfaithfulness to his marriage vows. Though he was ashamed of his ignorant and uncultivated wife, he was true to her. Now he scorned all his vows—he forgot his allegiance—his honor, everything but the beautiful stranger. He deserted his wife and his home, and fled with her."

"Ah! you seem interested, Sir Guy and Madame! wait a moment, and let me show you the deserted wife's picture. Then you will feel yet more interested."

She left the room suddenly, and Madame turned to Guy with white lips.

"Who is she, that she knows all this!" she whispered. "She will spread the scandal, and all Paris will ring with it."

But Sir Guy did not answer. Only sat and waited for the woman to return. She came after a moment. She came, and yet was it the same woman?

This one had loose golden hair falling about her worn, pallid face; and the eyes, now so long contrasted with the coal-black hair, looked a soft dreamy blue. And the dress she wore was a pure white, with something to relieve the dead whiteness in the way of ornaments. Sir Guy and Madame arose from their seats with amazement written upon their faces. Who was this woman? They looked at her, then at each other, then at her again—and both cried, "Winifred."

"Yes, Winifred," she said, coming forward. "No wonder you scarcely knew me, even in the dress I wore upon our first meeting, Madame, and with my own natural hair falling loosely about that night. I have been sick, deathly sick, since you and Sir Guy left America. And when I arose from my bed it was with this worn, pallid face. But I said, 'I will follow and find Madame and her lover.' Ah! it has been a weary search—but I found you, I found you at last, even as I hoped, and all has gone well. Now I have told you my story; and what I wanted to ask you was this: should not some punishment come upon this guilty couple? Should they be allowed to live and love together? Must the wronged wife wait for Heaven's too often tardy vengeance? No, no! you need not answer, for I know, and your punishment is begun. Madame, many a true word is spoken in jest—and such a jest was mine to-night. In your coffee I put a little powder, which will bring the sweet sleep of death to you and me, before many hours. It is slow, but it is sure; and we have seen our last sun rise."

"My God," cried Guy, springing to his feet. "Are you telling the truth, woman?"

"The truth, Sir Guy, upon the oath of a dying woman. Ho, ho, are we not two fair brides for death? and see how faintly we are robed for the nuptials. Surely our bridegroom will be proud of us."

"Go for a physician, quick, Sir Guy! there is no time to be lost!" shrieked Madame.

"How foolish!" Madame's maid said, quietly, as she put a detaining hand on Guy's arm. "The poison I have given you and myself, defies the combined skill of every physician in Paris. It is full three quarters of an hour since we drank it, and it has already begun its certain work, though we may not die for hours. Ah, Madame! I was very merciful! Your death will not be painful at all. You will feel little or no suffering—but drop down dead very quietly and suddenly."

"Hear her, hear her!" shrieked Madame, her lips blue with terror. "Guy, Guy, you must save me."

Madame's maid smiled.

"No, he cannot save you nor me. We are both lost to him in this world. Ah! it was a noble revenge I planned, was it not? He said he could not suffer bitterer torture than to separate him from you. He called you his life, his soul; and now I am wrenching his life and his soul away from him. Oh! it is sweet! I had thought I would wait and see you die, Madame, and witness his suffering before I went with you—but you asked me to drink with you, and I could not refuse. Now we can take the journey together, and neither will be lonely."

"Guy, Guy, I shall go mad if you do not stop her," shrieked Madame.

But Madame's maid continued.

"You remember the night you first saw me, Madame, and you thought me an insipid creature. But you yourself, Madame, could not have planned a grander revenge than mine. Oh! I love to hear you scream to see the horrible fear upon your beautiful face. It is heaven to me. What a fair corpse you will make. Fairer and more beautiful than I. And the poison, Madame, will not disfigure you after death. You will lie like one asleep. Only Sir Guy will call to you in vain. Neither his voice nor his kisses can wake you from the sleep you are about to take."

Guy paused in his wild, frenzied walk about the room, and turned toward the door again.

"Don't go!" screamed Madame. "Guy, Guy, you must not leave me with her."

"But my love, my darling, I must go for a physician."

Madame's maid laughed softly.

"Let him go for a physician if he desires," she said, "I will entertain you during his absence. But I assure you, Sir Guy, there is no help for Madame or me, this side of eternity. Two hours hence we shall be corpses. Do you think I would be so foolish and weak as to give a paltry poison that could be pumped up by any quack? No, no! I may be insipid, but I have worked well. It was a trusty poison I used, and it will do its work faithfully."

Guy fell upon his knees before the beautiful Madame and clasped his arms around her, groaning like one in awful pain.

"That is right, groan and cry," cried Madame's maid. "It is music to my ears. I shall like to die listening to the music of your moans. Ah! kiss her on hands, and cheeks, and lips, for in a little while the worms shall eat her, and she will be beyond your reach. Ah! the clock strikes the half hour! The carriage is coming. Countess Rilland has already begun to look for her beautiful guest, and will wonder that you do not come. Ah, well, she will pardon your absence when she knows of the great guest whom you waited to welcome. Death is a guest who comes but once, and we must be ready when he does come. How







# ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "Joyce Dorman's Story."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### CHARLES STANFIELD'S AWAKENING.

"And you had war, Miss Eli?" said Charles Stanfield, as if he had been considering her speech ever since the time they had met. And, indeed, it had formed no small part of his meditations.

"I do."

"And everything connected with it?" he asked, wondering if she might take himself into consideration as a prominent part of the whole.

But Diana simply replied, laughingly—

"Guns, swords, drums, powder, fortifications, everything, yes, everything. And then she added, 'But we will leave war alone for the present; and you must cast your eye over the lovely sweep of country before you. See how it stretches away to the south, dotted with villages; and here and there a windmill, or a gray tower, or slender spire. You must imagine the trees in all their summer foliage; the chestnuts with their plumes of white, and the last sun-rays shining over them, and almost blotting them out in a haze of gold. I do not think there is anything more beautiful than a sunset.'

"Is there not?" asked Charles Stanfield.

"Perhaps I do not agree with you."

"Ah! a sunrise, perhaps. I debated the point for a long time myself, and nearly came to a conclusion. You prefer a sunrise, then?"

"I was not thinking of it."

And Charles Stanfield paused in the compliment he was about to pay, and wondered at himself—for it was now long since he had, and yet so easy to learn. Perhaps it was like the eloquence advanced by Faust, that wanted only honesty of heart and purpose to carry it home to the hearers. Certainly he had found that—

"Genuine feeling wants no art."

Of utterance, no toil of elocution."

No need for searching for words when one is in earnest, for do not the words come even as by inspiration?

Charles Stanfield and Diana had wandered along on the fine March morning, which seemed, as Diana said, to be made on purpose for her to show Broadmead in its early beauty. The frosty sharpness had gone out of the air, and there was no rough wind; and though the sun shone brightly, it was not that cold, hard brightness that one often sees in the spring, but a mellow, softening light that gave a warmer tint to every object. They had passed through the village street, where Miss Letitia and Miss Sophia, gazing from the windows of Briery House, had marked their progress, and had observed to one another what a terrible flirt Di was. They wondered at Jasper's liking it. Such things would not have been permitted in their time; but then, of course, they had Rebecca to look after them. And then, as Miss Letitia parenthetically remarked, "There were no young men at Broadmead in those days."

And Diana nodded gayly to them, unconscious of the comments they were making; and made her way to the Marshwood Beeches, where the first violets were already blowing, and gathering a few of the finest, she gave them to her companion, who felt that he was receiving a royal token.

Through the Beeches, still towards the west, and up an opposite slope; and there Diana paused on the slight eminence, below which the country rolled out its green and gold for many a mile.

"One ought to feel quite happy, and at peace with every one, on such a morning as this," said Diana. "Do you not feel so, Mr. Stanfield?"

"Of course—with such a guide," he answered, involuntarily.

Diana turned quickly. She was about to protest for the second time against compliments, but something in her companion's face made her pause. And then Signora Ner's warning and advice flashed into her mind, and Jasper's jesting insinuation. Had she been playing with a true heart? She had not intended it; but she began to feel remorseful; and she perceived, as she glanced at Charles Stanfield, that he looked very grave, and even somewhat distressed. And then the color came into her face, and for a moment her cheeks were burning; and again Charles Stanfield misinterpreted the blush. His tongue was unloosed, and he spoke with sudden eloquence. The words were in his heart, and they sprang almost unconsciously to his lips, telling her of his love, his hope, his fear. It was all so unexpected, that Diana could not stop him. She was spoken—and then there came a pause.

And Diana, with her eyes fixed on the ground, felt, as it were, a great chill steal over her, and a heavy weight weighing her down. She tried to speak—she tried to raise her eyes, but in vain; her lips only quivered, and no sound issued from them.

They were standing on the very height where she and John Carteret, in those glorious summer days, had so often watched the sun go down, sometimes in royal purple and crimson, sometimes in the clear, gold-bued heavens, without a fleck of color to mar its purity; but, in whatsoever guise it disappeared, still leaving the same farewell promise, teaching the same lesson for ever and ever to the world it left in darkness as it sank to its western grave—"I shall arise again."

Diana remained for a short time spell-bound; and then she raised her eyes, and looked straight into Charles Stanfield's face.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Stanfield. I did not think that you would care for me."

And he read in her eyes, more than in her speech, an answer to his eloquent words—and not a favorable one. Yet he asked again—

"Is there no hope?"

"Mr. Stanfield," said Diana, clasping her hands tightly, as though it in some way steadied her voice to do so, "you must not care about me—and yet you must not think hardly of me, for I like you very much; and it grieves me to feel that I have made you think—that."

"I do not blame you, Miss Eli," interrupted Charles Stanfield. "Perhaps I should rather blame myself for having been so hasty; but I could not help it. I felt that I must come down to see you once more—and ask you if—"

And here Charles Stanfield paused, and half turned away.

In Diana's play for her companion, her own courage rose, and she went on with her interrupted speech.

"I have never been away from Broadmead, Mr. Stanfield, and I do not know what people do in the world; but it seemed as easy and pleasant to me to talk to you, and as if I should have known you for years, through Captain Stanfield's being my godfather, that I did not think of anything else."

Charles Stanfield turned suddenly round, and, taking her hand, asked earnestly—

"Miss Eli—Diana, could you not think of anything else? In time—perhaps a long time—but could it not bring me some hope?"

Diana did not withdraw her hand; but she looked up quickly, and said—

"I am engaged."

Charles Stanfield started—he half hung her hand away. Then village gossip was true for once. Why had he not had eyes to see? He might have known how hopeless his chance was—he might have been more ready to believe, though Dr. Crawford could not affirm it, the probability of her engagement after that evening at Miss Pycroft's.

"I thought most people knew it," said Diana, in an apologetic tone, "not formally exactly, but that they supposed it."

"I presume I heard a slight mention of what you allude to," returned Charles Stanfield, a little coldly; "but I attached no importance to it."

"Of course not—how should he?" reasoned Diana within herself, all at once remembering Captain Stanfield's report of Linthorpe. And she felt the more deeply to blame, because she seemed to know that Charles Stanfield must have been misled by the little interest she had outwardly evinced respecting John Carteret.

They had turned back across the long slope, and were walking through the line of wood again. But neither spoke. They reached the spot where Diana had gathered the violets; and there Charles Stanfield stopped, and, holding them out to her, he said—

"Perhaps you would rather I did not keep these, Miss Eli?"

"They are not worth keeping, Mr. Stanfield," she answered. "I wish you would take something better from me, and give me something in return."

He looked up inquiringly.

"Will you give me your friendship in exchange for mine? The fastest friends sometimes are those who begin with a little misunderstanding; and I cannot afford to lose you, for your father's sake."

Friendship sounded a cold word to Charles Stanfield, after what he had so fondly hoped to gain; and there was a little stiffness in his tone as he replied—

"In any way that I can ever serve you, Miss Eli, you may depend upon me."

"I was not that," said Diana. "I want more than that: that is but charity, scantily doled out."

"It is all I can promise at present," was the reply.

And again Diana reproached herself for her want of clear-sightedness. Barely, with Signora Ner's warning sounding in her ears, she might have been wiser. It was too late now, and she gave a sigh.

"Do not pity me, Miss Eli," said Charles Stanfield. "I have not asked for that."

"I was not pitying you," said Diana, sorrowfully—"I was myself I was thinking of. It is much easier to forgive others than one's self."

"What do you mean?" he asked, a little abruptly.

"I do not quite know. I seem to wish that I were you instead of myself. Yet, perhaps that is selfish, for I feel very unhappy."

"You must not feel unhappy on my account," he said, more gently, for there was something soothing to him in her evident distress; and—in spite of the demerits of the fairy castle he had been building—he felt none of the mortification that men usually feel in such cases, and which is, perhaps, oftentimes the sorriest point in their disappointment.

"You have a bright future before you," he continued—"a fall of joy and happiness; and when you get a little accustomed to its brightness, then the friendship time you speak of may come. I hope it will."

"It must—it will!" said Diana, warmly.

"I can be satisfied with nothing else. I am not so rich in friends, Mr. Stanfield, that I can give up one."

"I think you need never want for friends, Miss Eli. You appear to be surrounded by them."

Diana shook her head.

"One does not know; one cannot tell until one is in actual want of them."

"I trust that time will never come," said Charles Stanfield. "But, if it should, will you remember me?"

"I will."

Charles Stanfield was surprised to find himself talking so calmly after his fervent outburst; surprised to find that, though his hopes had been crushed, he did not feel annoyed or embarrassed. He had somehow grown older in the last half-hour. The world had opened out before him, and he had gained something that he should not lightly lose. Perhaps his first love had been, after all, something of a half-sentiment, since he felt so strangely calm and quiet. And yet he knew it would be a great relief when he should get away from Broadmead.

They walked on until they came in sight of the gates of the Manor House.

"Good-by, Miss Eli," he said. "I shall leave for London by the afternoon train."

Diana said good-by, and hastened homeward, hoping to enter the house unobserved. But in the hall she met Jasper, who asked where Mr. Stanfield was.

"He is not coming," she answered—but her voice trembled so that Jasper, in some surprise, looked more keenly at her, and perceived the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Why, what is the matter, Di?" he asked, but he received no answer, saving what her face revealed, as she sprang past him, and fled to her own room.

Jasper stood for a moment bewildered, as the truth dawned upon him, and his heart sank within him—for what mischief might not be done if, in her answer, Diana should in any way have acknowledged her engagement to John Carteret? Why had he not foreseen the reason of Mr. Stanfield's hurried reappearance at Broadmead? Argah he might be thrown back in the plans which he was endeavoring skillfully to restore to order.

Yet he need have been under no apprehensions, so far as Charles Stanfield was concerned. For Mr. Stanfield, journeying to London, was meditating upon Jasper Seaton as his successful rival.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### DOUBTING.

John Carteret travelled down to Linthorpe with Miss Pycroft. He was a little ab-

stracted; and when Miss Pycroft came to observe him by daylight, she thought that he was looking paler than he did at Broadmead; also he looked careworn and anxious. She had been too much occupied and excited on the previous evening to pay much attention to him, or to give much heed to the questions he asked her; indeed, on the whole, it appeared to her as though he did not take much interest in Broadmead affairs, and none at all in the Manor House people, since he had made no inquiries either after the Seaton or Diana. To-day he seemed still less inclined for conversation; and Miss Pycroft, after usually arranging the heads of a letter she proposed writing upon the morning at Linthorpe, allowed her mind to stray back to the afternoon upon which she had taken chocolate at the Manor, and to set that down as the epoch at which any flirtation that might have existed between John Carteret and Diana began to descend from its culminating point, ending—as such youthful follies generally do—in nothing; whilst Diana's more sober manner of late she attributed to the influence of her probationary engagement to a man some ten or twelve years older than herself. John Carteret's somewhat absent manner she connected with the rumors she had heard of his attentions to Miss Wardlaw. "And doubtless," she concluded, "he does not feel himself in a position to make an offer, and fears lest some one else may step in. Very natural. I must keep my eyes open, and do what I can for Mr. Carteret—he's a deserving young man, and has certainly been very kind to me. I must hear him preach, and see if he is sound in his views. Di would have made a poor wife for a clergyman. I am glad it is all as it is."

Such were the views which Miss Pycroft allowed to settle into convictions in her mind; and then she closed her eyes, and soon began to nod gently—for her slumbers had been but short, she having talked far the night, or rather into the morning, with her friend, and having seen him in order to catch the train for Linthorpe by which John Carteret was returning.

John Carteret's thoughts were in a more perturbed state than those of Miss Pycroft. Perhaps he ought to have had sufficient faith in Diana to keep all doubts away; but then he had two arguments to combat against—the one, his own knowledge of the high esteem in which Diana held Jasper Seaton; the other, the warning that Mrs. Seaton had given him. And to both these arguments came Miss Pycroft's later testimony—and Miss Pycroft had always a good idea of what was going on in Broadmead, and of the views that were current there. And John Carteret could not but feel that there was danger of Diana's being unconsciously drawn nearer and nearer to the man who was so constantly with her. And, like Miss Pycroft, he closed his eyes; but the future that he played out its drama; before him was not so unclouded as the sober realities of life had dawned upon him; and again he asked himself, as he had more than once done before—Had he done right? Diana had seen so little of the world.

In due time, Linthorpe was reached; Miss Pycroft and her packages were duly deposited at Belvidere-terrace, and John Carteret was seated in his little room overlooking the quay.

"One hundred and twenty years, and no further prospect for some time," quoth John Carteret to himself, taking at the same time a survey of his apartment—a low, long, comfortable room, with two narrow windows, well-furnished brown room curtains, a well-rubbed furniture—too old-fashioned to be luxurious, but with more genuine comforts, and yet not old-fashioned enough to have an appearance of antiquity about them. The general air of the room might be said to be highly respectable, but that was its highest praise; and respectability, one knows, often carries an atmosphere of stiffness and thriftiness with it that does not savor of the luxurious or the artistic.

And, indeed, as John Carteret was so beautifully situated, and his room was so beautiful, and John Carteret's past and his morrow, and took a flying inventory of Madame de Moulins's renovated apartments.

Then he continued his meditations. The room was a room in which a man pursuing a duty in life, and seeking higher aims than worldly prosperity, might be content, even thankful. But then, one is thankful for much in this life that has neither beauty nor luxury about it. If he were going to be alone it would be well enough.

And he drew his chair close up to the fire, and put his feet upon the fender. It was the time, the place, the attitude for a reverie. The mist was gathering outside, so that none who had not urgent business to attend to would think of stirring abroad; the tide was coming in with a low, moaning murmur, dull and heavy—for there was no wind to stir it into boisterous activity.

John Carteret's thoughts circled themselves into something like the following propositions:

"Ought a poor man to marry? Most curates are poor. Ministers of all denominations are, taking them in the aggregate, poor. Carlyle says, 'Work, work!' In the ministry, a man may work forever, and get no proportionate pay. In fact, the hardest workers are often those with the smallest salaries. John Carteret's was a paying profession. Is it right that ministers should be thus poor? Ought they not to be guaranteed the sordid cares of life, since their teachings are reputed the most valuable in the world? Is it possible for a man to do his duty as a spiritual teacher if he is overwhelmed by temporal troubles? The world condemns him if he strives after the leaves and fishes—yet is he so much to blame? If everything on earth goes wrong, does it necessarily sit him for Heaven?"

Then he looked round on the other side of the argument.

"Perhaps those who have the most to bear preach the best, because they preach with the experience of half their congregations. Perhaps those who have the greatest lack of earthly treasure understand best the lesson of the widow's mite, since all they give is given of their poverty, with self-denial, whilst the rich man stints himself of necessity, nor even lingers, to enable him to give liberally and handsomely. Perhaps the poor man is nearest Heaven because he has the fewest inducements to chain his soul to earth."

"For and against," quoth John Carteret. "I have chosen the path, and must take it with the 'for.' What says the world?" He that loves his life for My sake, shall find it. Find it—where? Not on the earth. Higher—higher—whether he must lead the lives of those around. Diana?"

And then came to him the memory of Diana's words, and her striving, struggling, murmuring to spread her soul's wings, and mount upward.

"What must he do? Should he outstep his hold, and let the dove find refuge in another nest, more suited to her bringing up? Why should he transplant her to a harder soil, where she might faint and languish through keeping her faith to him? And yet, if her life had been in a measure committed to his keeping, he was not accountable for it? Through him had the awakening come; might it not be his to strengthen it—to keep it alive? Love, duty, right, wrong—how was he to discern between them? How know what was for the best? Anything for her sake, at whatever cost it might be to himself, he was willing to do."

Before John Carteret entered on his work, he seriously understood how hopeless was the prospect before him. With little chance of preferment in the Church, he should probably remain for years in his present position; and the hope that had lighted up the future, as he had at first regarded it, was dying away, and had not sufficient power to annihilate its darkness now, or even to disperse the gloom that Miss Pycroft's commandments had cast around him.

He opened his desk, and took from it Diana's last letter. It was but a short one, and Jasper's name did not occur in it. He read it over several times, until he thought he observed an air of constraint about it. Diana had been in the habit of telling him all that Jasper had done for her, and of how his lameness was progressing; and suddenly in this letter, she had ceased to speak of him, and evidently avoided the subject.

And so John Carteret's mind brought him no satisfaction; but yet he did not cease to muse, and, unconsciously—as is the wont of lovers—created a thousand tortures for himself which he was not able to alleviate.

Nay, but John Carteret should have been stronger—should have cast aside all fears, and have thrown doubt to the winds. Yet stronger man than he, and older one, with more worldly wisdom, have in their day had vexatious doubts, but yet he did not cease to muse, and, unconsciously—as is the wont of lovers—created a thousand tortures for himself which he was not able to alleviate.

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An Ohio convict was married recently, and on the next day departed for his bride, to serve out a three years' sentence.

What William Tell did as a matter of fact in Cleveland the other evening, where he shot an apple from the head of a boy 12 paces distant, sending a bullet clean through the centre of the apple, which remained unharmed on the boy's head.

A PRETTY HOOD.—Childhood.



## WINNEMA.

FROM JOAQUIN MILLER'S "SONGS OF THE SIERRAS."

"Behold the clouds," Winnema said;  
"All purple with the blood of day;  
The night has conquered in the fray,  
The shadows live and light is dead."

She turned to Shasta gracefully,  
Around whose head and mighty head  
There rolled a sea of golden red,  
While troops of clouds a space below  
Where drifting wearily and slow,  
As seeking shelter for the night,  
Like weary sea-birds in their flight;  
Then curved her white arm gracefully  
Above her brow, and bowed her knee,  
And chanted in an unknown tongue  
Words sweeter than were ever sung:  
"And what means this?" I gently said;  
"I spoke to God, the Yosemite,  
The King, ononder snowy throne."  
She softly said, with drooping head:  
"I bow'd to God. He heard me speak.  
I felt his firm breath on my cheek;  
He heard me say my desires tell,  
And He is good and all is well."

The dappled and the dimpled sky,  
The sweet stars and the tinted moon,  
All smiled as sweet as sun at noon.  
Her eyes were like the rabbit's eyes,  
Her mien, her manner, just as mild,  
And though a savage war-chief's child,  
She would not harm the lowest worm;  
And though her head was bowed as low,  
And though her body was so true,  
She would not crush a drop of dew.  
Her love was deeper than the sea,  
And stronger than the tidal rise;  
And clung to all its strength to me.  
A face like hers is never seen  
This side the gates of Paradise,  
And then none ever sees it twice—  
Is seen but once, and seen no more;  
Seen but to tempt the skeptic soul,  
And show a sample of the whole  
That Heaven has in store.

## PRACTICAL NOTES

FOR

FUTURE CALIFORNIA TOURISTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY A LADY.

No. 5.

## "The Honorable Chinese."

Soon after leaving the hotel in San Francisco, we found ourselves in the midst of these "Honorable Chinese," and with eyes and ears alert for every novel thing, found much to amuse. Following our plunger, we entered a doorway, and passed up a flight of stairs, at the head of which we found ourselves in a room which proved to be a restaurant, where they were engaged preparing dishes ready to meet the wants of their customers who called after the theatre doors.

Such odd looking hashed up stuff, set on diverse little plates, looked anything but tempting to us. One side near the stairs was the counter for settlement of bills, and here were gathered several who attracted our attention in paying accounts. The calculation was made by passing the first and second finger, which were ornamented with nails of great length, over balls the size of marbles, placed on wires; by shoving these about in different positions, they arrived at the result with wonderful accuracy, and more rapidly than a good accountant could possibly do with paper and pencil.

Adjoining this room was a tea-room, occupied by several Chinamen. In the center stood a circular table, which they had evidently just risen from. On it was a small dish, filled with some kind of seed similar to the dried seed of our citron melon, around were placed empty cups, with funny dwarf-like spoons, and little plates—all of the tiniest style, even less than the toy dishes children usually play tea party with. The cups were not larger than half an egg shell.

To look at the table alone, one might fancy fatness had supplanted there, but the surroundings soon dispelled the thought.

The walls were covered with pictures, their principal charm being the size, surely they could possess no other. On either side of the door were alcoves with a raised floor, two feet higher than that of the room. In each of these reclined two Chinamen, a lighted lamp placed between them, at which they reigned the opium pipes they were smoking. Each was supporting one shoulder by a block placed under it, and as they lay facing each other, together shared a third block, by resting their elbows upon it. On our entering, they turned up to look a moment at us, then returned to their position, to indulge their appetite for opium till, sufficed, they laid their pipes one side and slept. One, more fond of music than of opium, suddenly seized an instrument similar to a banjo, producing sounds so hideous we were thankful when he left our presence.

Then being ordered to the party, I imagined the same they came would be brought for our use, and was so disappointed at being large ones, I did not drink from them, but took pleasure in seeing "John" bring in one article at a time, saying "Dat tea," "dat milk," "dat sugar," his face beaming with the smile "cute-like and bland," as at the last he offered us cigarettes to regale ourselves after the tea drinking.

During good-evening we left them, and strolled on after our leader, soon entering a mysterious looking passage which led, we were told, to a "John House," their place of worship. It seems to matter not what time of night you fancy wandering around among Chinamen, they appear never to sleep, but step out in front of you ready to do your bidding as though they had been waiting your coming. The entrance to this place was dark and dismal; yet here was one who when told our wishes instantly said, "Me get light, me go," and with his light as a beacon we went up two long flights of stairs, and then entered a room where sat "John" in all his glory, though so surrounded with Chinese hieroglyphics that in the dim light it was difficult to gaze upon him without the feeling of childhood returning, when you cover your face, fearing you will see the terrible thing again.

There were many strange looking articles about the room, suggesting a museum of ancient war implements, which they use in various ceremonies. Vases of Jose sticks

stood on the altar, which they consult for good or bad fortune. After bowing and praying in front of "John," they draw a stick from the vase, all of which are numbered, and then refer to a book of corresponding numbers, which decides their fate.

I said, "Do these always tell true?" The Chinaman looked at me, and said most solemnly, "Always, always true." We were amused as we neared the door for the purpose of leaving, to find the wisdom of "John" in selecting the stranger of the party for the fee, saying, "Quart dollar," and the gentleman looking over a handful of change, finding only half dollar, John said, "Dat do, four bits good as two."

There are three "John houses," all of which we visited. They are all similar, though in one we saw a huge-looking monster, with his mouth filled with mutton chops, beef, and disgusting pieces of food. They had been feeding "John," and the selection may have been tempting when offered, yet if he fancied it, he would have been apt to shut his mouth upon it, and not stood there like a great tiger with jaws wide open.

When our guide informed us our next point was the theatre, and we would be in season to see as much of the performance as we desired, we hastened on. As we stopped inside the entrance, our eyes involuntarily turned to our left to know if this was the place he intended to bring us, such a conglomeration of sounds surely never was heard out of Bedlam. They call it "music," if you have ever been in the country when the bees hived, and all interested gathered together with pans and kettles, pounding with all their force, that din would seem sweet music compared with these sounds. Truly it does not possess one harmonious note.

The acting cannot be appreciated save by their own kind. An educated Chinaman sitting near, told us they were representing a war between two nations. A piece runs on from week to week, to be continued in our next, suggesting newspaper stories. The performers rush on the stage, and after flourishing around in a most ridiculous manner, leave in the same hurried way. The audience appears as well satisfied as those in other places of amusement; the house was small, but well filled. Few women were among them—those that were, had their heads dressed most elaborately, and adorned with flowers, sprays of glittering tinsel, or bows of ribbon—the hair curled and arranged to represent a butterfly or the keel of a vessel. The hair is arranged once a week, and to preserve its beauty (?) they rest the neck at night in a block of wood made for the purpose, that the hair may not come in contact with anything to disarrange it, and thus willingly sacrifice comfort for pride. Our party were content to leave before the performance closed, and were satisfied with sight-seeing for the evening. It was quite late, yet as we passed along we could see men ironing as though they intended to continue at the work all night. They all look so alike, that we feel quite ready to argue that the man has not left off work an instant for twenty-four hours, but you are told that is not the same man, but when the first grew sleepy he lay down under the table, and another came out to take his place. As you stand looking at him, he spreads out the article he is going to iron, but which is not sprinkled, and stooping over, touches his mouth to a bowl of water which he keeps near, and, as he irons, he throws a spray from his lips over the article fine as dew. Some object to their washing on this account, but the good ironing was too much for me to resist, though I should object to having my biscuits polished in this way for breakfast, as they say "John" insists on doing when cooking for you. Though we were weary we loitered along, looking in at them till we came into another portion of the city among our own kind whose habits were more familiar.

All night long my dreams were of Chinese, and towering above all sat "John" waving huge sticks at me that I might know my future.

We had arranged to start for the Geysers the following morning, so arose early to prepare for the trip.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## KIND WORDS.

The value of a kind word cannot be truly estimated. How many, many times have we ourselves been lifted up as it were, and made to feel that there are some kind and loving hearts in this world who did think of the miseries of those around them. If we can do nothing more than give a kind word here and there as we journey through life, let us do it from the heart, we are made happier at the same time that we are doing we know not how much good to others who are less fortunate than ourselves. Oh, let us not pass by with a cold look upon those who by accident and even through crime have fallen. Be sure we have our reward here as well as in the hereafter.

## Anecdotes of Henry Clay.

It is known that Mr. Clay was remarkable for his recollection of faces. A curious incident of his wonderful power is told in the 18th to Jackson, Mississippi, in the year 1818. On his way the car stopped at Clinton for a few moments, when an eccentric but strong-minded old man made his way up to him, exclaiming as he did so, "Don't introduce me for I want to see if Mr. Clay will know me."

"Where did I know you?" said Mr. Clay.

"In Kentucky," answered the keen-sighted, but one-eyed old man.

Mr. Clay struck his long bony finger upon his forehead, as if in deep thought. "Have you lost that eye since I saw you, or before?" inquired Mr. Clay.

"Since," said the man.

"Then turn the sound side of your face to me, that I may get your profile."

Mr. Clay paused for a moment, his thoughts running back many years. "I have it," said he. "Did you not give your verdict as a juror, at Frankfort, Ky., in the great case of the United States vs. Innes, twenty-one years ago?"

"I did! I did!" said the overjoyed old man.

"And is not your name," said Mr. Clay, "Hardwick?"

"It is, it is," replied Dr. Hardwick, bursting into tears. "Did I not tell you, he said to his friends, 'that he knew me, though I have not seen him from that time to this?' Great men never forget faces—Druck and Bar by L. J. Bigelow."

Hot Sundays have been the rule this season.

The Fairbanks are making great preparations for the fall fashions in dress.

## BLACK DAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Black Dave, we called him, because he was so very, awfully in his complexion. He came into our camp one night with his pick and other mining traps, just as we were preparing for our evening meal.

"Hullo, stranger!" exclaimed five of us, while Dole, who was acting as cook, faced about, his face nearly as red as a penny, and his hat just hanging upon the back of his head, with one of his peculiar, comical squints, schooled our "Hullo!" and added affirmatively, rather than questioningly, "Just from the States, eh?"

"Just from the States," replied the newcomer, and dumping his pick and pack in the corner, he threw himself upon the turf by the fire.

"And prospecting?" went on Dole, not looking up; but, twirling the stick upon which he was broiling a joint of meat.

"Yes," laconically; "that's it, prospecting."

"Any sight?" again jerked out Dole, shrinking from a flurry of smoke that rushed up in his face.

"This is, so far, the best sight that I have seen," said the stranger frankly, and nodding towards the jammed up preparations for supper.

"Thought so," nodded Dole, approvingly. "Most ready," he went on, and turning to the rest of us lazy fellows, who were plying the new comer with questions, he blurted out:

"Some of you small fry haul out the table and lag on the pewter."

There was a general laugh at the remark about "small fry." Dole himself being less than half the weight of the thinnest one of us. Slight as a girl almost, yet he was muscular and strong, and, withal, the wit of the camp. I might as well give you an idea of the five of us, beside Dole, that composed the camp at Rawley's Ford, before the arrival of the stranger. There was Richard Brace, a gigantic Vermont, who for his immense breadth had won the sobriquet in camp of "Shoulder Brace"; and Dawson, a huge, fleshy downsetter. Of him Dole had said, classifying temperaments, that he was of the limb-lab-in (lymphatic) order. Then Nat Munter, whose extreme nervousness and rapidity of speech and action, had led Dole to class him flea-matic (phlegmatic). Our whistling, singing, Charley Brand had earned the cognomen of Solo Brand.

Last, before myself, came Myers—an ungainly, six foot five inch fellow, loose-jointed, thin-meated, and extremely slovenly in habits.

At his demise, Dole loquaciously remarked, "I will name him under the head of bony-partist, die-nasty (Bonypartist Dynasty)."

I did not escape the shafts of Dole, by any means, but so long as he would take any amount of good-natured abuse, we were constrained to do the same.

When we came among the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, we had mixed in with a gang of miners to work near Sutter's claim, but they had proved to be quarrelsome, and the worst kind of their class. As easily and quickly as possible we drew off from them, camping further up; still we were not so distant, but that we could often hear the wild uproar of their quarrelsome, drunken debauchery.

In obedience to orders, one of our number, Charley Brand, drew out the table, which was the rough deal bench used partly for seat, and sometimes for bed, and each man dabbed on to this primitive sideboard his pewter plate and metal dipper.

When the last piece of reeking pork had been deposited in the pan, with much sinning at his hot fingers, and some mild imprecations concerning the warmth of his bread, the somewhat scorched hams were drawn from the rock-oven by our cook, and piled upon a board in the centre of the bench. Afterwards, our dippers were soured under the liquid in the pot, and deposited beside our plates.

"Fall to, stranger," called Dole, dipping him a soggie of it at before mentioned ink fluid which we called coffee.

No second invitation was needed. The new comer heartily relished the bill of fare which the miners would not exchange for all the pastry in creation.

"Stop at Sutter's on your way up?" questioned Dawson, as he guzzled the last swallow of his inkly potion.

"Not long; they were in a wrangle there, and so I moved on."

"Always are in a wrangle there—master fellows for a fight—regular stabbers and gougers."

"Dole, he ventured down there awhile, after we camped up here, and he wasn't gone more'n an hour, came back and had to wear his eye in a sling for a month. Master fighters."

No conversation became general. Every one loaded and fired his pipe, and told stories between the snore, etc. or the indolent whiffings of smoke.

David Welles—or Black Dave as he came to be known, partly to distinguish him from David Dawson, but mostly because of his swarthy color, was very reserved in his communications. He hailed from an Eastern State. His friends and family resided there, and he had come to the mines not so much in quest of a fortune as of new scenes and surroundings.

Looking at his full, massive brow, and noting his correct speech, I got to thinking directly that there was a mystery about him, and not a pleasant one either as far as he was concerned.

We soon learned that he was a man of no bad habits. He never joined in the games of poker and "old sledge," which the boys thought so indispensable a course of amusement.

He never touched a glass of liquor, some of which the boys always brought up from San Francisco so as to be prepared for sickness or accidents. He used no profane language. We all liked him, although several of our squad got it directly in their heads that he was cowardly, from his always edging away from the disputes and wrangles which we often ran into when, by chance or for business, we visited the large camp at Sutter's claim.

I did not view his conduct in this light. I believed that his soul was finely strung and sensitive, and that refinement showed him.

That Black Dave was indeed capable of making a pile, was evident—for whatever was needed, he was the first to propose replenishment in camp; and when during the spring Dole came down with a disagreeable sort of fever, Black Dave threw out the dust

to cover expenses, and was always ready to watch with the sick man. And this, too, when Dole, in his careless, dare-devil way, had made Black Dave more than once the butt of a practical joke.

Yes, Black Dave was of different metal from the other miners. His solemn, and face rarely relaxed into a smile, excepting when Dole's drolleries made it impossible to remain grave.

Well, we camped right there at Rawley's Ford all that season. We didn't do any great things in the way of dust, but the most of us just then were tired of prospecting, especially when every two or three days parties from different sections filed past on the lookout for nuggets, and generally came sneaking back to their old holes, with the air of hounds or pointers who had ran for a trail and missed it.

But at last I got at Black Dave's history. It isn't at all likely that I shall ever forget that night—with the moonlight touching the towering peaks of the Sierras, and peeping the weird chasms with shadow spectres.

All the boys, save Dole and Charley Brand, were down at San Francisco, having taken down our dust for deposit and for purchasing supplies. Dole and Charley, both boyish sort of fellows, had grown weary of much old folks as Black Dave and myself, and were down at Sutter's claim, watching, or participating in the nightly orgies of the place.

How solemn and grand my companion looked sitting in the pointed doorway of our canvas tent, with white bars of moonlight lacing his breast with silver, and working some strange patterns upon his shoulders, as if with the aid of the stunted tree through which they glimmered, they were laboring to promote him.

"Well, Carnes," he said at last, after a long silent glance upon the solemn beauty without. "I have been here six months, and I think that it is but right that you, at least, know my history. You have never misjudged me and it is your due."

"Not if it will distress you to tell it," I quickly rejoined; "and I don't know as I care to hear it, anyway."

"But I shall feel relieved for telling it, I think."

"Then go on."

But he did not continue directly. In fact, impelled by a something which I will not attempt to describe, we both rose from our seats and stepped outside.

Such a grand, sublime solitude. The majestic mountains boldly defined by the gorges between, and the dark shadows at the base, and the moon wheeling westerly, filling space with her cool, placid brilliancy, so that the stars twinkled dimly and but half discernible. The occasional call of a nightbird circling high above our vision, and the sharp, distinct cry of some belated wild animal calling its mate, came to our ears.

We gave another glance toward Sutter's, where for a few moments the light was bloody and brutal, but the victor of cool nerve over-matched drunken frenzy.

"Stand back," shouted Dole, twisting his lithe form in with that of a drunken gambler, and bringing him down with a crash that shook the rough frame-work of the cabin.

"Shoot them down," he cried. "Look out for Dave."

I did not choose to shoot, but I did use the butt of my Derringer upon the skull of a ruffian who had attempted to put his knife between the shoulder blades of Black Dave. It is impossible to tell what the effect would have been had not a reinforcement appeared for us, in the form of a party of tourists and prospectors. They went in for a free fight, and in fifteen minutes the Sutter claim fellows were overcome.

But trouble enough grew out of that night's work. Billy Reeves had been a Mississippi boatman, and that night had rasped of some former associates on whom he had turned state's evidence a year or two before, and they had wiped off old scores. Charley Brand, in defending him, had received several flesh wounds. Dole had to wear that same comical eye of his in a sling again, where one of the ruffians had fitted the butt of his pistol into the socket. Black Dave never received a scratch.

We buried Reeves, and were not long in finding out that we were entirely too near the camp at Sutter's claim. We were persuaded of this by some of our boys being fired into two or three times when straying beyond the near vicinity of our party.

We packed our traps and moved down into the vicinity of Beltsville—a flourishing settlement of four cabins, one liquor shop and a long shab-sided caboose, entitled the Lull Inn. Never was there a more appropriate name given a place, for it was the lair of wild beasts in the form of men. But I must hasten. We had been in this last locality about six months. Not one of the boys had sloughed off from our company. Black Dave had become the Mentor of the whole party. They all knew his history, and understood his ways. He had given me leave to tell them. He seemed rather more cheerful as time wore on. The new arrivals and shifting scenes occupied his mind.

One stormy night, just after the rainy season had set in, our monotony was broken up in an unexpected manner. We were very busy just then washing our dirt, and we almost drew lots to see who should leave and go down to the Ranch for supplies. We were only fifteen miles from the village of F—, and a stage ran once a week from F— up to our place.

Black Dave concluded to go this time, and started off so as to be back in the evening. He came back to camp white and shaking in every limb. When he threw himself from his Mustang and reeled up to where I was standing, I lost the use of my tongue through astonishment at seeing him as I supposed intoxicated, for the first time in our acquaintance. But the moment he came nearer I saw that it was not liquor.

"Why, Dave," I ejaculated, terror-stricken, "what is it?"

"I have seen a disembodied spirit," he hoarsely whispered.

"Gone mad with his trouble," I said to myself, and then to him: "Where, Dave?"

"Just down here by the taverns."

"Nonsense! I am not a believer in ghosts."

"Neither am I, but if I did not see the spirit of Harry Jennings I never saw the man rise."

"Oh, Dave, you are excited. It is probably a striking likeness, or it may be Jennings himself."

He writhed as if in pain.

"You forget that I murdered him."

"May be not, Dave. I have always had my doubts upon that subject. Had he really been murdered, I don't believe that the world have let you off so easily. At any rate, let us walk down that way."

Weak and trembling he linked his arm in

of Janey's, that she had chosen me only because I had property and he had none. Yes, he said what he said not at that time, with my blood boiling as it was in my veins.

"I caught him as in my arms as if he had been a feather, and thought, at first, to throttle him into the sea. Something restrained me, and I dashed him from me. Alas! alas! his head crashed against a pointed rock. He lay at my feet bleeding, dead. In an instant it all rushed over me—what I had forfeited—what I had lost. I threw myself beside the body. I think that I must have remained insensible some time. When I came to myself the instinct of self-preservation was strong upon me. I fled along the coast of F—. A steamer was about starting. I hurried on board, and once in New York secured immediate passage here."

"In this remote corner of the world better thoughts have come over me. I would immediately return, only I would spare my old mother the pang of seeing her only son upon the gallows. But the world is changed to me. I am consumed of remorse. I should have been merciful. Janey had loved him first. He was better and handsomer than myself, and more of her organization. I ought to have reasoned the matter with her, and then offered to release her. God forgive me for what in my frenzy I did to the poor fellow; even then I did not mean to murder him."

Black Dave writhed like a trodden worm under the lashings of memory. I would have comforted him if I could.

"Did you not—have you not written home since being here?"

"Yes, one letter to my sister a little while ago, explaining everything for my mother's sake. Mark!"

There came in to our ears a wild outcry from the direction of the camp at Sutter's claim. We sprang to our feet and dashed outside. Hoarse cries, shouts and one or two pistol shots were heard, and a wild call of "Help! help!"

"Come, Carnes," shouted Black Dave, "there's murder down there, and he rushed down the hill with heroic strides."

Half-way between our camp and Sutter's we met Dole, barbed and panting.

"Quick, Dave, they've shot Billy Reeves and are murdering Charley Brand—an old grudge."

Where were they now who had accused Black Dave of cowardice? With the speed of a deer and the heavy jar of an elephant the gigantic fellow, with no weapon but his powerful fists, dashed into the murderous melee. Before one could speak, three or four of the ruffians were hurled their length upon the rough plank floor, and Dave, standing astride of the murdered man and the man whom they were murdering (they had evidently sought to defend each other and were in a heap in the middle of the floor) unmindful of pistol shots, was hurling back the assassins with the power of a giant.

For a few moments the fight was bloody and brutal, but the victor of cool nerve over-matched drunken frenzy.

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"May be not, Dave. I have always had my doubts upon that subject. Had he really been murdered, I don't believe that the world have let you off so easily. At any rate, let us walk down that way."

Weak and trembling he linked his arm in



with mine, and we moved down towards the lake, stopping safely to the window we looked into the bar-room.

"There," gasped my companion, clutching my arm, and pointing to the figure of a man seated by the table.

"That fellow with the hat on?"

"Yes."

"He's no ghost. That's a real flesh and blood man—let me go and speak to him."

"No, wait," said Dave with chattering teeth. "It is—it is in reality, I don't know as I will—as I dare, come near him."

"But, man, consider that feeling immediately. While other feelings counter-balance being free from the remorse of being a murderer."

"True!" he answered, with an effort.

"You may call him out."

I entered the bar-room and making my way towards the man who still sat with his hat slouched down over his eyes, I pronounced the one word:—

"Jennings."

He started as if shot.

"Who speaks?"

"A friend," I replied.

"I do not recognise you."

"I suppose not. I am personally unknown to you; but, from your honest glance, I half guess your business in this wild region."

He glanced with the rapidity of lightning into my countenance, and said—

"Are you a sorcerer?"

"I am not; yet you are in search of David Welles."

"However, man! how do you know this? And tell me if you know ought of him?"

"He is now within a rod of this place."

He was greatly excited, and sprang to his feet.

"I must see him—lead me to him."

I hesitated, seeing which he called out, lead on, on my own head rest the consequences."

Black Dave shrank back as we advanced through the starlight and moonlight path.

"David Welles," called Jennings, "we've both been in the wrong. You wronged your sweet wife, and tempted by a malicious demon, I misrepresented matters. I have come all the way out here to find you, and set things right. As soon as I recovered from the bad wound upon my head, I saw that I had been all wrong, and by my own desire as well as by the wishes of your family, I turned and hunted you up. Will you forgive me? or will you say nay?"

For a few moments Dave struggled with conflicting emotions, but the better thoughts conquered, and he extended his hand.

"Far be it from me, when God has been so merciful as to remove this load of horror from my mind, to refuse forgiveness to you, although you did me a great wrong."

"I knew it; but I have sought to stone."

"If your brother trespass against you seventy times seven, and repent and turn to you again, Dave, you are to forgive him," I said.

"It is true," he replied; "but my wife?"

"It is well, but sad and disconsolate."

"My mother?"

"Is nearly the same as when you left her."

"I shall, heaven willing, return home immediately."

"I would; you can go as readily and quickly as the mail; and the sooner suspense is ended with them all the better it will be."

When it was known that Black Dave was to leave us, loud lamentations went up with clouds of tobacco smoke, but we could not wish to hinder his journey. We went down to San Francisco with him, and shook hands with him and wished him good speed. Every one of us felt better for having known him.

"Safe at home," he wrote us, "I find my heart yearning towards you all, and filled with tender memories. Boys, I pray for you all. The rough, dangerous, and exciting life of the miner wears your souls from home and God. Return to live and die among your friends."

Brave old Dave.

## DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

### PART THE SECOND.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### THE SNOW STORM.

A dark, cold night, that of Friday, the twenty-third day of December. The London and Worcester mail was telling its slow way along towards the latter city under difficulties. Snow was falling heavily; snow had been falling, more or less, for some days. The coach was unusually laden. Although it was the Royal Mail, and carried his Majesty's letters, it was not on that account exempt from peril, especially at the busy Christmas season; and it was crammed with presents from people in London to their friends in the country. Baskets of fish, barrels of oysters, small hampers of wine, and passengers' luggage. Never had the Worcester mail been more weightily charged.

Four passengers sat inside; none out. People had not cared to risk the cold journey for so many hours when they could get an inside place. Of the passengers, one was a lady; the other three were gentlemen; and they leaned in their corners, well wrapped up, wishing the night was over, and inwardly grumbling at the tardy pace to which the state of the roads condemned them.

Slower and slower went the horses. After leaving London, they had got along pretty well and kept their time tolerably at the different halting places for the change of horses: it was only within an hour, or so, that the roads had become what they were—nearly impassable. The poor horses toiled and pulled; never a hand came to their aid; and then those four bright brown steeds; but they could not get along. The coachman half blundered, himself, by the drifting storm, alternately coaxed and whipped them. The guard roared perpetually in his seat behind to look out on the white mist, so far as he could see of it in the light given by the mail lamps. Then he would put his horn to his mouth, and blow a blast; sometimes short and snappish, sometimes patient and prolonged. To what end? It only went shrieking and sobbing away to the lone country, he would have said, in the snow.

The horses came to a stand-still, and the coachman turned his head to speak, from the midst of his muffled "Light your lanterns, Jim, and see whether I be in the road."

The guard got down with his lighted lantern, and at once sank up to his knees in snow. "This can't be the highway," he muttered to himself. "If 'tis, the storm must have fallen here kindly."

It was impossible to tell whether they were in the road or not. Snow was everywhere. So far as could be seen by the limited space on which light was thrown, the look-out presented nothing but one white plain; and those small white mounds, revealing glimpses of themselves in places, might be heaping drifts that had gathered, might be hedger that were covered; no human being could tell. The horses, panting after the laborious exertions they had made, tossed their heads to the reins, and tried to shake themselves free; but the leaders would not go forward of their own will, and to push them might bring death.

"It is of no use, Smith," spoke the guard to the coachman as he lay in the depth of his many capes and comforters. "We can't go on."

"What's to be done, then?"

"May I be pruned if I know?"

Meantime the inside passengers were gradually awakening from their state of semi-sleep to the fact that they had come to a stand-still; that the mail was not progressing at all. Two of the gentlemen were white with cold; the third a purple silk handkerchief tied on his head; the lady was enveloped in a soft quilted blanket. In those days of long night stages, it was the custom to prepare for sleep inside the coach with as much regard to comfort as circumstances permitted. One of the windows was let down, and the purple handkerchief, together with the head wrapped in it, thrust itself out, to ascertain the cause of the delay.

"What's the matter?"

The guard with his lantern took his way to the window, and as quickly as the depth of snow allowed him.

"We can't get on, sir."

"Not get on?" cried the half-angry, half-authoritative rejoinder, in tones that are familiar to the reader. For the traveller with the purple silk handkerchief was Squire Arde.

"No, sir," repeated the guard. "We can't get on at all. The snow has been uncommon heavy here, and the horses are not able to make their way in it. It's coming down now as thick as ever I saw it; getting worse with every minute."

The startling news fully aroused the whole of the passengers. As many of the four heads as could come out at the windows, came out, their faces presenting various phases of that undesirable emotion—consternation.

"We must get on, guard," spoke Squire Arde, with the authority of one who is accustomed to command.

"I don't see how it is to be done, sir," civilly replied the man. "The leaders refuse to move of their own accord, as 'twere; and Smith dare not force 'em on. We don't know that we be in the road."

"But we must get on," pursued Squire Arde. "To-morrow will be Christmas Eve; and I—I have engagements at home that I cannot break or put off."

"To-day is Christmas Eve, sir," corrected the guard; "morning has been in some time. But we cannot get on any more for that."

"Whereabouts are we?" was heard from a passenger who was unable to get his head out.

"Not much great sight of Chipping Norton, sir," was the laconic answer. "Half-way, maybe. But it's all guess work."

"Is there any danger, guard?" called out the lady, in her quick, pleasant voice.

"Not as long as we keep still, ma'am."

"But surely we are not to keep still all night! Good gracious, guard! Why suppose—suppose another coach comes up and runs over us?"

"Another coach couldn't any more come up, ma'am, than we can get on," returned the guard; "I dare say we can get on with a little perseverance. The snow must have drifted just here."

"That's what it is, sir. If it had been as bad before, we couldn't have got along as well. But it's of no use trying to get through this."

"What is to be done, Smith?" roared Squire Arde at the top of his voice to the coachman. "What is to be done?"

"Nothing—so far as he sees," was the substance of the coachman's reply, given with equanimity. "If he tried to push the animals on, it might result in a upset down a bank, and cost all on 'em their lives, man and cattle too."

Even Squire Arde's impatience would not wish to risk that result. But he urged a cautious trial; as indeed did his fellow-travellers. They thought it possible that the great drift of snow was confined to this one spot, and might be got through.

An effort was made. The guard and the passenger of the rear seat went to the heads of the leaders; and for a short space and with great caution, some few yards of way were surmounted. But the snow got deeper; or, rather they got deeper into it. The coachman's decided opinion was, that they had lost the road; and that even this cautious moving was extremely perilous. So they desisted: life is sweet, and none of us willingly risk it lightly. There appeared nothing for it but to remain as they were—stationary.

And, remain so, they did, until morning light. None of the passengers ever forgot that night. The fame of it went abroad; and it is talked of to this day in the counties of Worcestershire, Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

When day dawned it was found that the coachman's conjecture was correct. They were off the road; and how they had penetrated without accident to the spot where they found themselves was a marvel. Inside of a ploughed field stood the coach, its previously broken fence having removed the barrier between it and the highway. That the fence was broken only for a very short space, not much more than enough to allow of the horses and mail getting through. It was this that rendered it remarkable—that one particular spot. The snow fell incessantly; the road, even could they have got back to it, was utterly impassable; to attempt to go on to Worcester was out of the question for the present.

By dint of exertion and skill they reached a lonely farm house beyond the field; and within its hospitable walls and stable man and beast found the most welcome rest and shelter that any of them had ever enjoyed in their lives.

I must beg of you to note the date; for there was a singular romance attached to this detection of the mail and its passengers. People, interested in the fact, were wont to say that it had been stopped by the Finger of Heaven. This day, Saturday, was Christmas Eve; the Sunday would be Christmas Day; and Monday the 26th would be the eve of Miss Arde's wedding day.

When Mr. Arde went to London on the Monday, putting up at the Cecil and Falcon, it had been his full intention to quit it by the Thursday night's mail, so as to reach Worcester on Friday morning, and his own home in the course of the day. But, when Thursday came, he found he was not able to do this; and he wrote to his wife, saying he should be home without fail on Saturday.

This delay in London rather vexed him. For one thing it prevented his joining the steamer which he had booked to leave London on Friday; and Mr. Arde was fond of good dinners. The fault was his wife's; they were preparing Miss Arde's marriage settlement, and did not get it ready. He blew them up sharply; and on the Friday morning the deed was handed to him. On the Friday afternoon he was at the Bull-and-Moose, and put himself into the Worcester mail—which in those days started early, either at four or five in the afternoon. He had written his marriage settlement, and the marriage license was at hand, and two barrels of oysters. So the mail started on its journey cheerily enough; and traversed part of the distance only to find it could not traverse the rest. Mr. Arde, when writing to his wife, had said he should be home on Saturday "without fail." But here he was instead; moved up in that lonely farm-house, somewhere in the region of Chipping Norton; and, on the whole, glad that a farm-house was there to be in.

Nevertheless, at the house on the Saturday day went on, and there appeared to be no chance whatever of their moving; for the snow continued to come down heavily at intervals. Mr. Arde chafed at the delay; showing some irritation on the point to his fellow-travellers, and telling them that urgent business awaited him at his home in Worcestershire. Very true; it did so. But, had the business been ten times as urgent, had it involved life or death, he could not have helped the situation. When the elements set themselves against man, man is powerless to contend with them.

Beds were improvised for the travellers on Saturday night. The farmer and his family were hospitable to the last degree, and did their best in every way to make their unexpected guests comfortable. The mail coach covered with wet sacks to keep it dry, stood out in the snow; the horses were in the stable; the coachman and guard made themselves happy with the farmer's servants, and no doubt sorely enjoyed the holiday day rest on, and there appeared to be no chance whatever of their moving; for the snow continued to come down heavily at intervals. Mr. Arde chafed at the delay; showing some irritation on the point to his fellow-travellers, and telling them that urgent business awaited him at his home in Worcestershire. Very true; it did so. But, had the business been ten times as urgent, had it involved life or death, he could not have helped the situation. When the elements set themselves against man, man is powerless to contend with them.

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Many were the anxious looks cast on the weather when the travellers rose on Christmas morning. One sheet of white presented itself everywhere, and there was at least no chance of their getting on that day. The farmer feasted them right royally with turkey, and other good things incidental to the season; amidst which appeared Mr. Arde's large cod fish and one of his barrels of oysters; a rare treat to the farmer and his people. They drew round the fire for dessert, to make merry, telling anecdotes and stories; and for a time Squire Arde forgot his vexation. Some friends of the locality who were to have partaken of the family's hospitality, dinner guests, could not get there for the snow.

On Monday, matters out of doors remained in the same state, and the prisoners had to be prisoners on that day still. Worse still, there seemed to be no indication that things would alter; and Mr. Arde was at his wit's end. He chafed, he fumed, he marched to the door, he opened the windows, he took counsel with the coachman and guard. All to no purpose. The rest rallied him; the lady laughed at him good-humoredly; cheerful-hearted herself under all circumstances of existence, however untoward, she merrily told him that the adventure was agreeable, rather than otherwise, and would serve them to talk of the remainder of life. Mr. Arde at length disclosed the reason of his impatience—his daughter, whose wedding was fixed for the following day, could not be married without him, as he bore the license and the settlements. They allowed the plea; agreeing with him that the detention was unfortunate, but they were unable to speed him onwards.

"Only think if I should not be home by to-morrow morning," cried Mr. Arde, in accents of fear at the very thought. "They would only have to postpone the ceremony for a day or two," cheerily pointed out the lady.

Squire Arde shook his head. "I don't like weddings being postponed," said he. "Old wives say it bodes ill-luck, you know, Mrs. W.—. We must get away somehow to-night."

And out he went again in his restlessness, to see the guard and coachman.

Must get away to-night! Squire Arde might as well have said he must go up to the moon; they would only have to postpone the ceremony for a day or two, cheerily pointed out the lady.

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As an imprisoned bird flutters his wings against the bars of his cage, vainly endeavoring to escape from it, so it was with Squire Arde. He chafed as before, he fretted, he fumed; all to no little purpose as the poor caged bird. As the one cannot break his wire base, neither could the other his fetters. What mattered it to Mr. Arde though the weather on this Tuesday morning was changing—giving evident signs of a speedy breaking up? It did not serve him. Had the roads between that farm-house and Hurst Leese been instantaneously rendered, by some miracle, clear as a bowling-green, he could not have reached home in time for the ceremony; no, not by the help of the fleetest horses. Mrs. W.—, good, bright little woman, who had her own way even then, and was destined to have more as her life went on, talked to him for a few moments, in her pleasant way, and said she had known some of these apparently untoward disappointments turn out to have been all for the best. It is to be feared that the words went, as the saying runs, in at one ear and out at the other; for Mr. Arde could not see the argument at all. Thus Tuesday's hours struck one after the other, and the day drew towards its close.

And now Mr. Arde's patience was destined to receive its final and worst blow. By night—this Tuesday night—the main road became impassable. Word of this was brought to the farm; but the farm doubted. In point of fact it was so: for the snow had been unusually rapid, and the highway was open for coaches. The mail that left London on Tuesday evening, passed on the way, as they subsequently learnt, and reached Worcester on Wednesday morning, but an hour or two behind its time. This still a prisoner. The half mile of route necessary to get from the farm to the main way, that little bit of grass-grained route, partly ploughed field, partly narrow lane, was as yet impassable. Squire Arde could have beaten half the world in his helpless despair.

### CHAPTER XVI.

IN GANDER'S pantry, a scoldish kind of room, panelled with oak, stood over the fire Otto Glaswaring and the butler; the latter in his usual striped morning jacket, which he wore summer and winter, and with a tea-cloth in his left hand. Gander was frightfully discomposed. In all the years that the man had lived with Sir Dene, he had never been so put out as he was now, at the disappearance of the ones of diamonds.

It was Saturday morning, and Christmas Eve, for we have to go back a little to record what had been taking place during the snow-storm at Beechhurst Dene and elsewhere. The grand dinner, as may be remembered, took place on the previous night, Friday; and Sir Dene, fatigued with his exertions as host, was not yet up.

"No, Mr. Otto, you had better not go in to see him," Gander was saying, with quite the same amount of decisive authority that he had used when the barister was a boy. "When my master says to me, 'Gander, you'll take care that I am not disturbed for a bit,' why take care to take care he's not, sir; and Sir Dene knows that I shall take care."

"I should be the last to disturb him against his will, Gander."

"Yes, I think you would be, Mr. Otto."

The dinner was too much for him, that's the fact," observed Otto. "A courteous natured man, as my grandfather eminently is, exerts himself at all cost to entertain guests when they are around him; and a state occasion like that of last night involves a continued strain on the exertions, mentally and physically. Sir Dene should have given up the presidency to—to Captain Glaswaring, and sat himself as a guest."

"He'd not do that," disputed Gander. "While he's able to appear among 'em at all, it'll be as head on chief. Quite right too, to Captain Glaswaring he never would give up," boldly added Gander; "he don't like him well enough. I can't tell but what he might 'ave give up last night after what happened, had the hair, Mr. Dene been here."

Otto said nothing to this. Whatever might be his own private contempt for his elder brother, he did not choose to speak of it to the butler.

"Was a snow we are having, Gander?" he cried, turning his eyes to the white landscape outside the window, by way of changing the conversation.

"'Twas not the entertaining of the folks, Mr. Otto; my master's equal to that once in a way yet; thought I think it'll be the last time he'll ever attempt it," returned Gander, disregarding the remark about the snow.

"'Twas that awful upset just as the company was arriving. My wonder was then, that he sat down to table at all. I'm sure I don't know whether I was on my head or my heels all the while I waited."

"Yes," said Otto, looking close at the fire, "it's not pleasant to miss one's family diamonds."

"No it's not," significantly spoke Gander. "Not a wink of sleep has the poor master had for thinking on't. And he has been getting a notion into his head in the night about it that makes him feel worse."

"What's that?"

"Well, he think 'twas no common thief that took 'em," returned Gander, gently swaying his tea-cloth.

"No common thief?"

"No housebreaker, nor nothing of that. 'Don't you be put out about it, Gander,' says he to me; 'you'd not touch the diamonds—for you see, Mr. Otto, 'twas an awkward loss for me, and I told him so; nobody but me and myself having access to the keys that unlocked the box. He had been thinking it over in the night, he went on to say, and he had come to the notion that somebody had took them diamonds to make money upon 'em.'"

Knowing what he did know the usually impassive face of the barister turned as red as a school-girl's. Glancing up at Gander's cheek, he made some light remark about the hour. But the butler would not be repressed.

"It has been nothing but worrying him for money this many year past. Well, worry, worry, I wonder sometimes that the master stands it; and so 'ud you wonder, Mr. Otto, if you were in the midst of it. My lady's at him perpetual; it's money for her, she wants, or for the captain, or for you. As for the captain he have not dared to ask on his own score this long while, for Sir Dene 'll never hear him."

Otto Glaswaring opened his lips to say that none of the supposed money had been for himself; but closed them again without speaking. A shrewd suspicion lay upon him, gathered from Gander's glance and from

Gander's tone, that the man guised it perfectly.

"And so, Mr. Otto, Sir Dene thinks, seeing that lately he has not responded much to the demands but just shut up his breeches pockets, that perhaps the diamonds have been took to make money upon. Borrowed, you know."

An idea crossed the mind of Otto Glaswaring that Gander had his suspicions that he, Otto, knew something of this; drawn no doubt from his perhaps too evident efforts to hush up the matter on the previous night when the loss was discovered. Otherwise the man would hardly so have spoken.

"I can only say, Gander, that I have not borrowed the diamonds—as you call it."

"Not likely, Mr. Otto. But now, you look here, sir. If them diamonds could be brought back—or if proof could be given to the master that they have not been lost, say, 'twould comfort him."

Otto really knew not what to answer.

"I was thinking, sir, that perhaps you might 'ave got up a little bit of a plot you and me. If you could get the diamonds I'd carry the case in my hand to Sir Dene, and say: 'Look here, master, at what I've done; at my poor foolish memory; and vow to him that I had put 'em elsewhere for safety when I was rubbing 'em up, and forgot it—just as the Widow Barber put away that paper of her's years ago, and couldn't find it again, and had to turn out of her place in consequence.'"

"Are you suggesting this out of consideration for Sir Dene, or for others?"

"Why, for Sir Dene of course, sir," replied Gander, with an emphasis and a flick to the tea-cloth, that seemed to imply he'd not trouble himself to do it for others. "I'd spread the diamonds out before him to comfort him, and he'd believe, thinking to me, that they had never been lost, but in my stupid memory. 'Twould be a pack of lies; but heaven 'ud forgive me for the sake of the poor master. He's too old to have these tricks played upon him, Mr. Otto; and the loss of them diamonds is just telling upon his mind; and I don't know what the end of 'll be."

There was a pause of silence. The barister had his head bent on as if in thought; Gander and his cheeks were perfectly still, waiting for an answer.

"Tell me freely you are implying this," said Otto, looking up suddenly, his indifference now changing to a frank one. "You have something in your thoughts, Gander."

"Well, sir, as 'twas you, and you say me



had job altogether, but it's done; and all that remains now is to see whether it can be undone. Don't trouble yourself to deny it to me, Jarvis. I have known of the transaction all along."

"What an infernal lie!" exclaimed Jarvis. "Pale, the money lender, has the diamonds. I saw you leave them with him at his house; I saw you receive the wages."

An explosive burst of abuse from Jarvis. Abuse of the money-lender, who must, as he contended, have betrayed him; abuse of Otto, Lady Lydia, fearing the noise might penetrate beyond the room, closed between them, praying them to be tranquil.

"It could not be helped," she said to Otto, finding how useless it would be to play longer at denial. "Jarvis was obliged to have money, and there were no other means whatever of raising it. The diamonds were lying there useless, not looked at from year's end to year's end; and I assumed to a certainty that they would be replaced before Sir Dene could find it out. There's no great harm done," she concluded in a sighing tone.

"As he has found it out, they must be brought back," was Otto's answer. "For Sir Dene's sake. Do you hear, Jarvis?" "They can be brought back and will be brought back as soon as the wedding is over; without any of your confounded interference," spoke Jarvis sullenly. "But for the delay in that, they'd have been home before."

"Some days to wait, yet!" remarked Otto. "Were the roads clear—but it's hardly to be expected with this continued fall of snow—I would run up to London and get them, if you could find the money."

Jarvis half laughed in derision. He found the money! When the ten thousand pounds to be allotted to him of Mary Arde's fortune should have passed with herself into his own possession, he would have more than enough money for everything. Until then he had not a shilling.

"What did you get from Pale on them?" asked Otto.

"Three hundred pounds." In truth it was a sum far beyond any possible means to find. Otto imparted a hint that Sir Dene suspected something, but held his tongue about Gander. A great pity crossed his heart when he thought of Mary Arde. Tied to this spendthrift, what would her future be? But that Jarvis was his brother, and brotherhood involved obligations, Otto had certainly opened the eyes of the ruling powers at Arde Hall.

"It is nothing short of fraud," exclaimed Otto.

"What is?" snapped his mother.

"The marrying Mary Arde."

My lady's eyes and tongue alike blazed forth their denunciation of Otto and his gratuitous opinion: and he was fain to hold his peace.

She went into Sir Dene's room as soon as she could get admittance—which was not until the baronet had dressed for the day, and was sitting by his fire. There she sat herself, in her plausible way, to disperse any doubt that might lie on Sir Dene's mind of Jarvis in connection with the diamonds. He heard her in silence, saying nothing, and whether she made any impression upon him or not, or whether he really did entertain any doubt of Jarvis, she could not tell. Of course, she was unable to speak out on the matter, or to defend Jarvis openly, it had all to be done by implication. That Sir Dene was looking unusually worn and ill that day was plainly observable: he seemed to be nearly prostrate, sunk far in a state of apathy.

"I quite think with dear Jarvis, that it is no common thief who has taken them," remarked my lady: for she continued to pursue the subject long after it might have been wiser to drop it. "As you said last night, Sir Dene, whoever took the diamonds must have known they were kept in the chest—"

"And known where my keys are kept too, my lady, when I have not got them about me."

It was the first time he had spoken, and the interruption was a quick one. My lady coughed.

"Ah, yes, no doubt," she blandly said. "Those diamonds, I fancy, had been looked at for a year. Perhaps not for considerably more than that."

No answer.

There is only one possible solution of the mystery that occurs to me; and that may not be the true one. But you know, dear Sir Dene, one cannot help one's thoughts."

Still no answer. Sir Dene was bending forward, his hands resting on his stick, his eyes bent on the carpet as if he were studying its pattern. Lady Lydia brought her face a little nearer to his, and her low voice took a confidential tone.

"Did that worthless, ungrateful fellow, Tom Clannawaring, help himself to them before he went away? It is the question I am asking myself, Sir Dene. He knew where the keys—"

Not quite at the first moment had Sir Dene gathered the sense of the implication. It flashed across him now. He started up in fierce passion, grasping his stick menacingly. Perhaps the fact of his knowing Tom could have had nothing to do with the loss, rendered his anger at the aspersion the fiercer. For it happened that both Sir Dene and Gander knew the diamonds were safe six months before. Searching the chest in the month of June for something wanted, they had seen the case then.

Rarely had Lady Lydia heard a similar burst of reproach from Sir Dene's lips. In spite of the animosity which he had been professing for Tom lately, as well as really indulging, his true feelings for him peeped out now. How dared she so asperse his best grandson, the son of his dear dead Geoffrey, he asked her. Tom was a gentleman at heart, and would be one always; a true Clannawaring, he, with all a Clannawaring's honor—and he had a great mind to despatch Gander to Ireland when the snow had melted, that he might bring him back to the Dene by force. Things had never gone well since Tom left. As to that bold baggage up at the Trailing Indian, it must have been her fault more than his; she was older than Tom and had got ten times the brass. Many a right-headed young fellow had done as much in his hot blood, and repented afterwards, and made all the better man for it. Sir Dene was a fool for sending Tom away—did my lady hear—a fool, a fool for that, and for a good deal more.

Thus he went on, saying in his passion anything that came uppermost; but no doubt giving vent to his true sentiments. My lady became weak as a lamb and metaphorically stopped her ears. Especially to the repeated imputation that other folks knew where the keys were kept, and the

diamonds too, as well as Tom: the "other folks" pointing indubitably to herself if not to her son Jarvis.

When the storm died out and Sir Dene had sunk back in his chair exhausted, Lady Lydia made a pretence of gently tending the fire, talking about the snow, and the weather generally, and the post night's company, while she did it: any safe topic that occurred to her. She then withdrew from the room and left Sir Dene to his repose. It would not do, she saw it clearly, to say too much about the diamonds while he was in this untoward frame of mind. That he had a doubt of her she felt convinced; but she was not so sure that he doubted Jarvis. With her whole heart she wished the wedding over and the diamonds replaced. Had it been in her habit to pray, she would have prayed that Tuesday night arrive on eagle's wings.

Meanwhile as the day wore on, some uneasiness was excited in the Arde family, at the non-arrival of its master. The Hall was in a vast commotion of preparation, not only for the wedding itself, but for the dinner entertainment that was to be given on its eve, Monday night. Towards Saturday night, the non-appearance of Mr. Arde was explained. Some farmers, making their slow way home from Worcester market, brought word that the London coaches, in passing the mail, had not been able to reach Worcester, from the impassable state of the roads. Report spoke of "mountains of snow" in the low-lying lands around Merton-in-the-Marsh. Mr. Tillett of Harebell Farm, knowing that Mrs. Arde was anxious and uneasy, called at the Hall to tell her this.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed at the news. "Will the coaches not be able to get in to-day, think you, Mr. Tillett?"

Looking out on the snow, remembering what the signs abroad were, Mr. Tillett thought it hardly likely that the coaches would get in.

"If any one of them does, it will be the mail," he remarked. "That is sure to make its way when it can, on account of the letter bag."

"I suppose it is bad between this and Worcester?" said Mrs. Arde.

"Worse, ma'am, than I have ever known it. In places I hardly thought I should get home along."

"A pretty long while some of the people must have been getting home last night from the dinner at Sir Dene's!" exclaimed Mrs. Arde.

Mr. Tillett laughed. "They'd arrive in time for breakfast, Miss May."

"Mamma," said May in an eager kind of tone after Mr. Tillett was gone, "if it's like this, we shall not be able to dine at Boschhurst Dene to-morrow."

"Nonsense, May. There can be no difficulty at any time in going that short distance. Besides, the upper road is not one for the snow to lie upon; it slopes slightly on the one side, you know."

May sighed. Only the not dining at the Dene on the morrow in the company of Jarvis Clannawaring, would have seemed a relief. Now that the union with him was drawing near, all her old horror of it had returned. She hated it and dreaded it in what seemed, even to herself, a most wicked degree. And yet—how was she to help it? She did not know, poor girl. Many and many a minute did she pass, praying on her knees to God, that He would pity her and help her to put away the sin.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### A DISH OF TEA AT THE FORGE.

Christmas day. Before the morning had well dawned, the children from the gate-keeper's lodge trooped up to Boschhurst Dene, were admitted by the servants, and gathered themselves in a group at the top of the stairs, near the doors of the best chambers, to sing their carol. It was a universal custom, this carol singing on those days; and as a rule, servants in every great house were up early, expecting it. Gander had been on thorns, wishing to get into his master's chamber to see how he had slept, and to take him some tea; but as Sir Dene chose to be first of all aroused on Christmas day by the carol singing, almost as if it were a religious rite, and that nothing else should previously disturb him, Gander waited.

The carol chosen by the children this year—or rather chosen for them by older heads—was a new one, called "The Carnal and the Crow." It was tolerably long. At the first verse of it, Mrs. Letson's little ones in their white night gowns were peeping down through the balustrade above. While below, collected near the foot of the stairs to listen, stood all the servants, including Gander. Partially hiding themselves, however, that the sight of them might not daunt the shy young carol singers. The verses well through to the end, came the final benediction, spoken, not sung.

"Wish ye a merry Christmas, Sir Dene, and ladies and gentlemen all, and a happy new year, and a many on 'em!"

The little white night-gowned people above clapped their hands; the servants below the balustrade, and the children in the parlour, for Sir Dene's door to open from inside and a small shower of sixpences, agreeing with the number of singers, to be pitched forth among them. He very rarely the singers looked for this observance with eager eyes. But on this morning they looked in vain. The door remained closed.

"Come you down, dears," called out gently one of the head women servants, breaking in at length the waiting pause. "Come down to your hot coffee. Sir Dene's asleep, may be; he's not well just now. He'll send you out his sixpences later."

For a good breakfast was always provided for them in the kitchen. And again on New Year's morning, with a second sixpence. For the same ceremony took place then. Only the carol chosen was a different one, and the after wish for a merry Christmas omitted.

In obedience to the call, the children went down as quietly as their timid feet allowed them. And Gander went up. May he be so well enough to get out of bed himself, ran his thoughts in regard to his master, and in waiting for me to fetch the sixpences. I know he had got 'em put ready last night.

Knocking gently at the door, and receiving no response, Gander went in. The chamber appeared to be just as he had left it the previous night, none of the curtains undrawn. Turning to the bed, he saw his master. "The Lord be good to us!" ejaculated Gander.

For Sir Dene Clannawaring was lying with his face drawn, and apparently senseless. He had some kind of attack: probably paralysis.

Mr. Prior pronounced the attack to be a very slight one, quite unattended at present with danger. But there was no warranty

that another might not succeed it, and the doctor enjoined strict quiet in the chamber and out of it.

"I'll lay a guinea as it comes of the worry about them three diamonds!" was Gander's private comment to Otto Clannawaring.

There was no dinner company. A message was despatched to inform the Ardes of what had occurred and to stop their coming. Neither did any of the Boschhurst Dene people attend morning service, although it was both Sunday and Christmas Day, the snowy state of the roads preventing it as much as the state of Sir Dene. The Ardes and their servants went: but they were nearer the church. Mrs. Arde and Mary would dine quietly at home, Captain Clannawaring their only visitor. It was the Captain who had carried down the news of what had occurred, and there got his invitation. The Mrs. Dene were not sent for so on the previous Christmas Day: perhaps Mrs. Arde thought they might not care to encounter the snow. Mrs. Arde was thoroughly put out by the prolonged absence of her husband. His decision was wanted on many details connected with the wedding, and he was not there to give it.

As to Mary, in her heart she could very well have dispensed also with Captain Clannawaring. Never had she felt more wretched than on this day. Try as she would she was unable to rally her spirits. A weight, so of "impenetrable evil," seemed to lie upon her, and had the coming Tuesday been to witness her hanging instead of her wedding, she could not have looked forward to it in a more gloomy spirit. As she recalled the happiness of the last Christmas, a half groan burst from her lips: the contrast between that day and this was so great. Then she had wondered whether things could ever look cloudy again: now the secret cry of her heart was—what better again could they look bright? Ah, about not experience have taught her a lesson? That unclouded brightness had all too soon faded into a darkness as of night: might not the present darkness clear itself into day? Heaven was at work for Mary Arde though she knew it not.

"I suppose, Miss May, there's no reason why I may not run home," spoke Susan Cole towards dusk in the afternoon. "They've invited me there to take a dish of tea."

"Why should there be?" replied Miss May sharply.

"You won't want me, I mean? I thought you'd be out you see, Miss May, when I promised to go. Mother, she's getting old now, and looks out for one, once she expects one's coming."

"I shall not want for anything, Susan," said Mary rousing herself. "You'll have a fine snowy walk, though."

"I'll borrow a pair of Mark's gaiters and pick my petticoats up round me," was Susan's petulant answer. "Two'n' half, ha, ha."

"I'm glad to dine at home for my part, instead of at the Dene," remarked Mary.

Susan shook her head. "Miss May, I don't like them break-ups to old customs. For ever so many years now, till the last, the Hall has dined at the Dene on Christmas Day; and the Dene with the Hall on New Year's Day. Last year 'twas broke through. The master here wasn't well enough to go to the Dene, or thought he wasn't, and so none of you went; and when New Year's Day came round, Sir Dene, he wasn't well enough to come here. 'Twas odd that the custom of both days should be interrupted. I said then 'twas like a break-up, Miss May; and so it have proved. All the rest o' Boschhurst Dene come here, but Sir Dene. He didn't though; and he is the master."

"The rest did not quite all come," said May quietly.

"All but Mr. Tom. And he ceased to be one o' the Boschhurst Dene folks that same night."

"Yes," said May. "Turned from it."

"Served him right," retorted Susan. "What did he get into mischief for?"

May's face took a sudden glow of color, red as a fire coal.

"I wish I was over in Paris, or somewhere," she suddenly exclaimed after a pause, "and all this worry over."

"What worry?" questioned Susan.

"Of the wedding, and the people."

"Waiting come but once in a life time. It's right to have a show and bustle over 'em, Miss May."

May, seated on a low toilette chair covered with white dimity, for the colloquy was taking place in her bedroom, began scoring her blue silk dress across with her nail, and made no answer. Very pretty she looked. Her cheeks were somewhat thinner than of yore, but they had not lost their rose color, her beautiful, soft brown eyes were lustrous still, her hair was bright. The allusion to Paris meant more than the chance remark the reader may have imagined it to be. A visit to Paris in those days was a very uncommon thing, and Captain Clannawaring had proposed to take May there after the marriage. They were not to settle down in a home yet awhile, for some months, at least, but take their pleasure. In fact, the question of where the home should be was left in abeyance. Mr. and Mrs. Arde naturally wished it to be near them; Captain Clannawaring secretly wished the might get it.

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in a free way over it, his mother says, afraid he won't be wanted at the inn no longer, now she's come. And a nice stock of impudence she must have, to take Black by storm in that way, without saying with your leave or by your leave, now she's got tired of Ireland!" added Susan on her own score. "Or perhaps it is that Ireland have got tired of her."

"That's enough," coldly interposed Miss May, rising from her seat with a haughty gesture on her way to quit the room. "These things are nothing to me."

Neither had Susan Cole supposed they were or could be anything to her now. But in Susan's insatiable love of retelling gossip, she had not been able to keep her tongue still.

"Won't you dress now, Miss May?"

"I shall not dress to-day more than I am dressed."

"Well, and I don't see that there's need on't," sequenced Susan. "That's a lovely, pretty frock, that silk is."

The frock—as a young lady's dress was invariably styled then—was of that dark bright blue color called Waterloo blue, after the somewhat recent battle of Waterloo. It was made in the fashion of the day—low-neck and short sleeves, each edged with a quilling of white lace, a bit of drooping lace falling beneath. Only a young girl did May look in it, not much more than a child. Susan watched her down the stairs; the graceful head thrown back further than usual.

"It's a sore point still, I can see, about that Emma Geach," muttered Susan. "Why couldn't Tom Clannawaring have kept her there till the wedding was over and Miss May gone? He—"

The words were stopped by the return of May. "Susan, mind you give your mother that little present I left out for her, and take her some of our mince pies," she said. "And tell her—tell her that I will be sure to come and see her the first thing when I am back here again in summer."

In her red cloth cloak and dark poke bonnet, with her petticoats gathered up nearly to the tops of the beaver gaiters, thick shoes on, and no patterns, for patterns were only an encumbrance in the snow, their rings getting clogged continually, away came Susan at the dusk hour to partake of the "dish of tea" at her brother's forge. It was open road all the way, and less difficult to traverse than she had expected. The forge was waiting for Susan; though rather doubtful as to her coming. Mrs. Cole, the mother, a mild loving woman always, doubly so now she was getting in years, sat in her arm chair in the full warmth of the parlor fire, with her two sons, Harry, the prop and stay of the home and business, and Ham who shod the horses, willing to do the iron, and did the other rough work. They were good sons; and it was that Harry, so good-looking and popular, had kept single for his mother's sake. On the table stood a substantial tea: plum cake, cold savory sausages, and plates of buttered toast that the young servant brought in. One guest had already arrived, uninvited; and that was Miss Emma Geach. In the old days Emma Geach had made herself tolerably at home at the Forge; and after ill report had touched her name, gentle Mrs. Cole, willing to "think no evil," had received her and been kind to her as before.

"That's Susan—I thought she'd come," exclaimed Ham, as a thumping was heard as the door, together with a stamping of feet. "She's knocking the snow off her shoes."

Ham (a contraction of his name Abraham) ran to admit her and took the opportunity of holding a whispered colloquy on the mat, the parlor door being shut.

"I say, Susan, Emma Geach is in there!"

"None of your stories, Ham!" cried Susan, sharply.

"She bolted in just now, a saying she was come to have tea with us, if mother 'ad let her, for it was awful dull work up at the Trailing Indian," continued Ham. "She's just the same, Susan."

"What did mother say?" was Susan's indignant question.

"Bay? Why nothing: except that she was welcome. You know what mother is."

"Harry's the same as mother for being civil to people," returned Ham.

"I've a good mind not to go in," said Susan. "Perhaps I might get telling her a bit of my mind."

"I'd not do that, Susan—it's Christmas Day. Besides, her affairs isn't any business of yours. She has not harmed you."

"I am not so sure o' that," disputed Susan sharply. "Twas not by straight-forward means she got Tom Clannawaring into her clutches, I know—and I nursed him all through his baby years. Is she going to stop to tea with us?"

"Well," said Ham simply, "we can't turn her out. Neither mother nor Harry 'ad like to do it, Susan."

Susan, arming herself for any possible battle, went in with her head up. Miss Geach looked completely at home. Her out-door things were off; her abundant hair, well cared for, shone in the light of the fire, and she was talking and laughing with Harry Cole in the old light, free manner. Susan, after greeting her mother took off her things, and sat down to make tea. It might be that her propensity to gossip and to have her curiosity somewhat appeased as to the past, induced her to postpone hostilities, for she nodded to Miss Emma without much show of disdain.

"And when did you get back?" demanded Susan, when she handed the young person her tea.

"Friday night," said Emma promptly. "Oh, had a stormy passage on't? I've heard its mortal bad at sea at this season o' the year."

Whether Emma Geach did not understand the allusion, or whether she would not take it, remained a question. After staring at the speaker for a minute or two in silence, she tasted her tea and asked for another lump of sugar.

"And Ireland? What sort of a place might it be to live in?" began Susan again satirically.

Another stare from Emma Geach. She had got a saucerful of tea up to her mouth then, and gazed over the brim at Susan all the while she drank it.

"How should I know what sort of a place Ireland is?" she retorted when passing the saucer down. Susan Cole looked upon it as an evasion, and was in two minds, whether or not to tell her so. But at that moment her brother Harry kicked her under the table, and she knew it was as much as to say, she's our guest for the time and must be treated as such.

So the conversation turned on other matters. Sir Dene's ailment; and the non-gathering at the Dene for the Christmas

dinner in consequence, which Susan told of. Next the prolonged absence of Mr. Arde came up, and the old lady expressed a devout hope that he would be home for the wedding on Tuesday.

"What wedding? Who's a going to be married?" inquired Miss Geach when she heard this.

"Why, my young lady, Miss May's a going to be married," said Susan, proud of relating so much. "Have you lived in a wood, Emma Geach, not to have heard on't?"

"That there Trailing Indian's worse nor a wood now, so far as hearing news goes," was Emma Geach's rather wrathful answer. "Tain't lively at the best o' times; but nobody cares to come up to it through the snow. Since I got into the place, I've not seen a soul but Black and Sam Pound. Black, he's silent and won't talk; and I tuckers know he must keep his tongue still afore me, unless I choose to let him say it. We fear as I should ha' got to hear of a wedding being agate from them two."

"We've got a grand dinner o' Monday night," spoke Susan, by way of continuing her revelations. "The Hall be a'most turned inside out. I can't think what 'll be done if the Squire don't get here."

"Report says that no coaches are getting into Worcester," said Harry Cole. "It's to be hoped the roads 'll clear for the wedding."

"So 'tis," said Susan. "They be a going to Paris and France, they be, when the wedding's over. Miss May's fall on't."

"My!" exclaimed Emma Geach. "It's young Squire Scope, I suppose."

"Miss Charlotte Scope's to be bride-maid," went on Susan, her thoughts too busy to heed the question. "She and Miss May is to be dressed all in white; only Miss May's to have a veil and orange flowers in her bonnet, and toher's not."

"I thought Miss May Arde would have some time if he stuck up to her well," remarked Emma Geach. "Though Tom Scope isn't the man for every girl's money. Scope Manor's a nice place. Tain't a bad match for her."

"Who was a talking anything about Tom Scope, pray?" loftily demanded Susan. "Tisn't him."

"No! Why who is it then?"

"Captain Clannawaring. That Trailing Indian must be a wool, for sure, it must be. The revelation come to her brother's forge. It was open road all the way, and less difficult to traverse than she had expected. The forge was waiting for Susan; though rather doubtful as to her coming. Mrs. Cole, the mother, a mild loving woman always, doubly so now she was getting in years, sat in her arm chair in the full warmth of the parlor fire, with her two sons, Harry, the prop and stay of the home and business, and Ham who shod the horses, willing to do the iron, and did the other rough work. They were good sons; and it was that Harry, so good-looking and popular, had kept single for his mother's sake. On the table stood a substantial tea: plum cake, cold savory sausages, and plates of buttered toast that the young servant brought in. One guest had already arrived, uninvited; and that was Miss Emma Geach. In the old days Emma Geach had made herself tolerably at home at the Forge; and after ill report had touched her name, gentle Mrs. Cole, willing to "think no evil," had received her and been kind to her as before."

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July 1-Three



## WIT AND HUMOR.

"Artemus" wrote the Shaker.  
"Mr. Shaker, and I, 'you see before you a fish in the water, so to speak, and he was a shiver of you."  
"Yay," said the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another being sent to get my horse and wagon under liver.  
A solemn female, looking somewhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal-bag, came in and asked me was I a shiver and did I hunger? To which I asserted, "A few." She went off and I endeavored to open a conversation with the old man.  
"Elder, I speak," said I.  
"Yay," he said.  
"Health's good, I reckon?"  
"Yay."  
"What's the wagon of a Hider, when he understands his business—or do you devote your services gratuitously?"  
"Yay."  
"Stormy night, sir."  
"Yay."  
"If the storm continues there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"  
"Yay."  
"It's unpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"  
"Yay."  
"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that peculiar kind of wicket you wear, including trimmings?"  
"Yay."  
"I passed a minute, and then, thinking I'd be foolish with him and see how that would go, I snatched him on the shoulder, bore him into a hearty laugh, and told him that as a payer he had no living shell.  
He jumped up as if bit in water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up towards the ceiling and said:  
"You're a man of sin!"  
He then walked out of the room.

Directly that came in two young Shakers, as pretty and sleek looking girls as I ever met. It was true they were dressed in meal-bags like the old one I'd met previously, and their shiny, silky hair was hid from sight by long white caps, such as I suppose female Jews wear; but their eyes sparkled like diamonds, their cheeks were like roses, and they were charming enough to make a man throw stones at the grandmother, if they asked him to. They commenced clearing away the dishes, casting shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betty Jane in my rapture, and said:  
"My pretty dears, how air you?"  
"We air well," they solemnly said.  
"Where is the old man?" said I, in a soft voice.  
"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"  
"I mean that gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah."  
"He has retired."  
"Wall, my pretty dears," said I, let's have some fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"  
"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they asked.  
"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long week, yet, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd dine 'em. As it is, I am a Shaker protemporary."  
They was full of fun. I said that at first only they was a little sherry. I taw't 'em puss in the corner, and as it like place, and we had a nice time, keepin' quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, we said:  
"My pretty dears, air I go you have no objections, have you, to a innocent kiss at partin'?"  
"Yay," they said, and I raved.—Artemus Ward, His Book.

## A Fish Story.

A select squad of us went from an inland village to the Ohio river, on a fishing excursion. No sooner had we pitched our tent and rigged our tackle than we were honored with a visit from Jake Henthorn. Jake is a man of too independent a spirit to be tyrannized over by despotic fashion or arbitrary conventionalities. Accordingly he goes barefoot twelve months in the year; and in consequence of the expanded valley which his "footy-tooties" make in the mud frequently in the vicinity of hen-rocks he is best known as "Barefooted Jake." However, it is not with Jake's "bog manbers" that we have to do, but with the "elastic receptivity" of his maw. One morning Bill Lynch and I were running the fishing business, while Bill Read prepared breakfast. Jake's instincts prompted him to "shassay" around the fire, and feast his nostrils on the odor of a ten-pound perch which was then baking. In due time Lynch and I returned to camp for our breakfast, and found Read coming in with an armful of wood.  
"Well, how about grub?" was our greeting.  
"O, all right; I'll set it out for you in a minute, boys. But just come this way, and see the nicest baked perch you ever laid eyes on."  
We went and we looked; but saw only a rick of bones, from which every fibre of meat had been picked. Jake had been there before us. I don't distinctly remember whether we swore or not. It doesn't seem to me as if we did. Anyhow, we ate breakfast without fish.

During the afternoon, while we were all lounging on the bank, Jake yawned, and drawled out:  
"I'd like to have as many fish as I could eat, just now. I ain't had a mess since Tom Whitten ketched the big cat-fish."  
"Jake," said I, in a tone meant to be scornfully sarcastic, "I thought you had a pretty fair mess this morning. You ate at least fifteen pounds."  
"O, yes," replied Jake, "I ate that; but what I mean is a reel reg'lar mess."

## Strong Drink.

A Colorado saloon keeper said of a rough crowd: "I couldn't get their whiskey strong enough for them, so after trying every way, I at last used a mix of poison oak and butter. That fetched them. I called in the sheep herder's delight, and it was a popular drink. The first pike I tried it on yelled with delight; the next one took two drinks and turned a double somersault in the road before the house. A peddler came along, and after he took several drinks of my sheep herder's delight, he went off and stole his own pack and hid it in the woods."

NO CHANGE.—A rather looking serious in a chapel, was asked by a clergyman if he felt any change? Whereupon the old tar put his hand in his pocket, and replied that he "hadn't got a red."

NEVER COULD A SECRET TO YOUR RELATIVES: Blood will tell.



CUSTOMER—"I say—this umbrella I bought here last week, is all coming to pieces!"  
SHOPMAN—"Indeed, sir—you must have been taking it out and getting it wet, sir. I think!"

## GODINETTE'S LESSON.

I.  
Godinette, the sly young beauty,  
Used to hear her grandma state  
That it was the Christian's duty  
Never to retaliate.  
"Though," she'd say, "the world should  
Epistle thee,  
Be of meekness not bereft:  
If one on the right cheek smite thee,  
Straightway turn to him the left."  
In such wise the pious lesson  
She'd impress on  
Godinette:  
And 'Nette promised never to forget.

II.  
Godinette ran home, one morning,  
Roozy cheek'd, her grandma caught,  
Saying, "I recalled your warning,  
And have asked as you taught.  
Jaquot kissed me by the gateway,  
But I never avenged the theft.  
As it was the right cheek, straightway  
I unto him turned the left."  
"Twas well done; no man would stop her  
In this proper  
Sort of deed—  
Did not her grandma's counsel well succeed?"

## Widows.

A widow in her weeds, particularly when the weeds are just turning purple, always had peculiar attractions for me. I can no more resist one than could Eve the serpent, and when they are plump and fair and not quite forty, my admiration for them runs into something akin to idolatry. I have in my mind's eye now one whom I met years ago. She had a face of classic beauty, with clear, well-cut features, soft dark eyes, with long lashes that must have rested upon her cheeks when she slept. Her hair was black and abundant, and worn as was then the fashion in ringlets at the side of her face, and wound in a long braid like a crown across the top of her head, ending in a streamer and smoothly twisted knot at the back. The expression of her countenance was pensive, but when she smiled it rippled with sunshine. She had a low sweet voice, and when she spoke my name it sounded more musically than the notes of silver bells. She had a plump little hand that it was a comfort to squeeze, and a pair of dainty feet that it was a real pleasure to catch glimpses of, as their owner whirled in the may dance. She sang, too, with the voice of a siren, and the keys of a piano were ever at her finger ends. She rode as fearlessly as Dr. Vernon, and had heaps of money in the bank.

There was only one drawback to all these attractions, which had lured scores of young fellows to her feet, which was, that widowhood was a chronic complaint with her. No sooner did she get married and nicely settled in her own home, her husband's life largely insured, and every prospect bright before them, than the happy husband, like the "dear gnat" of the song, "was sure to die." Sometimes he was thrown out of a carriage and killed. Sometimes a railway train went over him; sometimes he committed suicide; and once when on their bridal tour, he slipped into the water and went over Niagara Falls. Five times she escaped marriage, and the last husband only escaped the fate of the others by getting a divorce of divorce. Of course, after a time men became shy of marrying the widow, and the result is that for several years past she has enjoyed her widowhood, such as it now is, unchanged by matrimonialists.

## The Sensitive Grocer.

In Newburyport a grocer who kept shop, was noted for his grasping disposition. One day he mailed up a salt cod on one of the shutters of his shop, and underneath it he wrote in chalk: "Codfish for sale cheap for cash here." Presently, in came an acquaintance, and said: "What do you have here?" "That salt cod about codfish?" "You don't sell codfish or any other goods in any place but here. Any fool would know where you sold them without that word." "That's so," said the grocer; "hey wipe out the word 'here' from the codfish sign." The boy obeyed, and the next day another critic appeared. Said he, "For cash! who ever knew you to trust for any goods? Why do you say you sell codfish for cash?" "You are right," said the grocer; "buy, wipe out the word 'for cash' from the codfish sign." This was done, and shortly after a third critic came to the shop, objecting to the word "cheap." "Who ever knew you to undersell other dealers?" said he, "you don't sell any cheaper than they. Your price is just the same as theirs, and more, if you can get it. Cheap! cheap! what do you have that word for?" "Well, it is not of much use," said the grocer; "boy, wipe out the word 'cheap' from the

codfish sign." Again the boy did as his master bade, and the same day critic No. 4 found fault with the phrase "for sale." Said he, "For sale! no one ever knew you to give away codfish. Of course, you keep them for sale; there is no occasion for telling people what everybody knows." "There is something in that," said the grocer; "boy, wipe out 'for sale' from the codfish sign." This left the salt cod and the single word "codfish" beneath. It was but a few minutes after that a customer who came in to buy some goods remarked to the grocer, "What a funny sign you've got out here; what damned fool wouldn't know that is a codfish nailed on your shutter." "So they would," was the reply; "boy, wipe out the word 'codfish' from that sign." The boy obeyed, and the fish remained with no inscription.

One of the best fence-farmer at the Heidelberg University last year was an American from Kansas, and the greatest beer-drinker was also one of our countrymen from Kentucky.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALICE (St. Peter, Minn.) writes: "Will you be so obliging as to give me some advice, and much obliged a constant reader? I have a young man coming to see me, and I think he loves me, and I'm sure I love him. But he is very jealous—and when he is jealous he is very cruel. I have other gentlemen coming to see me—a thing I don't see any harm in—but he doesn't like it, and he gets in a passion when he finds any of them here, and gets very threatening. I am afraid he will commit violence some day. In fact it may come to murder. Nobody can tell what a jealous man may do when he gets in a passion. Now what I want to know is what you would advise me to do? Is there any way in which I can cure him of his jealousy? I would be a dreadful thing if he should commit violence, and I could never forgive myself. Shall I give up all other company? I don't want to. I don't think because a girl loves a man, that she can't see anybody else; and I would feel obliged to you if you could give me some good advice. Can't I take some course to cure me of his jealousy? Can the physician change his skin; or the Leopard his spots? We would not advise you to undertake to cure a man here unless he is a doctor. Proper self-control would be better undertake to cure yourself of your passion for him. You would probably find it a much easier task. We do not think you need be particularly afraid of his committing homicide. I had been dogged him. You must, of course, understand that if you are engaged in marriage to a man, he has a claim on you to a degree of exclusivity in relation to your associations. But if he carries it to the extreme of violence or threats, you should break the engagement at once. Finally, or until he shall have come to his senses, and accept of which reason demand this of you. Possibly if you had a sensible and kindly talk with him in relation to the matter, and let him see the error of his ways, and then tell him that you are not going to give up all your friends, he might behave more reasonably. At the same time, you should be aware of doing anything that would look the least like "flirting" with other gentlemen.

WILLIAM (St. Louis, Mo.) writes: "I have fallen in love with a young lady. I do not know if my love is returned, or if she is in some distant town, and I cannot see her frequently, nor do I know what other company she keeps. What I wish to know is this: I am not a married man, and I cannot marry. Would it be correct for me to ask her for her hand in marriage, or wait till my prospects brighten? What I fear is, if I delay, some one else may propose to her, and she will accept of him. I am inclined to engage myself immediately, and then wait till I am able to marry. Please answer as soon as possible. I will give you my name and address. We do not see that there would be any harm in your proposing, and in engaging yourself to her, if she is in love with you, and if you are sure of her. We do not approve of very long engagements, as they often prove detrimental to the interests of both parties. But if you will be in a position to marry in a reasonable time, there is no special reason why you should not form an engagement. You had better speak up of your intentions to the parents of the lady, and if they are satisfied, you can safely give your mind to your lady-love.

CARRIE M. (Arkansas) writes: "A gentleman acquaintance of mine, whom I have known for a considerable time, has written to me, and wishes me to keep up a correspondence with him, unknown to my family and friends. He is a respectable person, and is well known to my parents, and I don't think they would object to my corresponding with him. Now I wish to know if it would be right for me to keep up a secret correspondence under the circumstances? Could any harm come of it?" You are certainly unlearned in the ways of life, or you would not ask such a question. Secret correspondence is always dangerous, and may at any time be used to your disadvantage. You think your parents would not object. Ask them, and make yourself certain on this point. If you value your reputation do not think of entering into a clandestine correspondence; and do not trust the person who has asked you to do so.

M. B. (Philadelphia) asks: "Would there be any harm in my asking a young lady for her picture? She has had mine for some time, and I am anxious to have her in return, yet am doubtful about asking her for it. Please give me your advice on the subject in your next issue." How came she in possession of yours? Did she request it of you, or was it given her without being asked for? Even in the former case it would be a delicate matter to ask her in return. As you are in doubt whether she would take it unless it was your picture, and I don't think she would, it would be a delicate matter to ask her in return. As you are in doubt whether she would take it unless it was your picture, and I don't think she would, it would be a delicate matter to ask her in return. As you are in doubt whether she would take it unless it was your picture, and I don't think she would, it would be a delicate matter to ask her in return.

for him to speak to the lady, and he would probably have to wait long for the lady to speak to him. These are, of course, circumstances in which the laws of etiquette may properly be suspended. In the case, for instance, of a lady being placed in an unpleasant or dangerous position, a gentleman may step in to help her, and if he is not a gentleman, he may not. It is not, however, to make such an offer until it becomes plainly advisable, or until the lady, by look or word, implies her consent. If a gentleman is in a position to help a lady, he should do so, and if she is in a position to help a gentleman, he should do so. It is not, however, to make such an offer until it becomes plainly advisable, or until the lady, by look or word, implies her consent. If a gentleman is in a position to help a lady, he should do so, and if she is in a position to help a gentleman, he should do so. It is not, however, to make such an offer until it becomes plainly advisable, or until the lady, by look or word, implies her consent.

What would you think of your neighbors coming to borrow your valuable weekly paper, every week, before you had finished reading it yourself, after having found to join your club, although simply able to do so? We should think that our neighbors were asking too much of their neighbor, and should be quite apt to give them to understand so. There are cases in which politeness comes to be a virtue, and this might well be classed among them. It is advisable for us all to cultivate a neighborly spirit, but if we feel that we are being imposed upon, proper self-respect should cause us to resent the imposition. In your case we should kindly but firmly give the person who would borrow your paper our own use. Perhaps they will read this answer, and take a hint.

What made in the fashion of the day—long back and short sleeves, each e-g-g with a quilling of white net, a bit of drooping lace falling beneath. Only a young girl did I look in it, not much more than a child. Susan watched her down the stairs; the graceful head thrown back further than usual.  
"It's a sore point still, I can see, about that Emma Geach," muttered Susan. "Why couldn't Tom Chawwaring have kept her there until the wedding was over and Miss May gone? He?"  
The words were spoken at the door of the room where I was sitting. "Will you please inform me, and oblige a constant reader of the Post here in that we frequently see notices covered with spider's webs after a shower, where none were visible before? Is there some effect produced by the falling moisture that induces the spiders to build or have would you explain this peculiar circumstance? I have often been puzzled by observing it." If you had examined more closely you would have found that the webs were there before as well as after the rain. The rain drops, collecting on minute webs, render them easily observable, so that countless webs appear to spring suddenly into existence.

## RECEIPTS.

FINE LAUNDRYING WITH CARBOLIC SOAP.—Not a few ladies are so situated that they have neither conveniences for washing nor time to go through the usual processes even for the smallest articles, and yet are not in the neighborhood of any person to whom they can trust the doing up of laces and shorter muslins.  
We have accidentally discovered how great help in such case is to be found in carbolie soap. A cake of the article as prepared for the toilet being in our soap dish, we one day put into a suds made from it a handful of laces and linen lawn, some of them quite yellow from long waiting, and being busily absorbed, thought no more about them until next day, when they were found to be entirely whitened and cleansed, and only needing to be rinsed to be ready for the starching.

This knowledge may be made available in the art of doing up nice laces, which any lady may learn if she has the time to attend to it, thus avoiding the necessity of sending them out to be done by those who make the business a profession.  
Stretch over a wine bottle, or better, a well cleaned quart, stone ink jug, as it is of more uniform diameter, the leg of a soft, firm, fine, white cotton stocking and secure it well, by stitches. On this, wind the collar or band of lace to be cleaned, and then with fine needle and thread baste it carefully on the stocking, following with the needle all the scallops of the edge and catching down all the loops so they cannot get out of place in washing.

Set the bottle in a deep dish or tin pail of carbolie soap suds and let it remain twelve or twenty-four hours as the case may be. Remove the suds by holding the bottle under the hydrant or by moving it in a pail of clean water; let it partly drain off and then with a clean sponge or rag or even with the fingers, saturate the lace with a very weak solution of white, pulverized, gum Arabic in water.

When quite dry, rip off the lace, and if it is not as smooth as is desired, lay it under pressure between the blank leaves of a book, or if there is haste, it may be pressed with a warm flat iron between muslin lined flannels; but the whole process may be performed without any warm water or iron, and several steps in the ordinary mode of washing saved.

The suds may be thrown into the wash bowl to purify the drain pipes.  
Whether it is safe to use carbolie soap freely in washing, if the hands must come a good deal in contact with it, is a question.  
We have read in the papers of persons who applied the medicated soap for the cure of itch or other cutaneous diseases, and were poisoned thereby.

This might be the effect of throwing back into the system, by the use of the medicated article, as is often done by other medicines, a poison seeking its way out through the pores of the skin. It is always wise to be careful in the use of any active agent until it is well tested and proved to be safe.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Animal Teaching.

We have numberless examples of the power attained by man over the animal creation, the most prominent of which are those exhibitions wherein wild or ferocious animals are rendered tame and manageable. But these generally have little utility, although they prove the truth of those words of inspiration: "For every kind of beasts and of birds and of serpents . . . is tamed and hath been tamed of mankind." Our domestic animals could all, without a solitary exception, be rendered more intelligent and thereby be made to behave better, because more understanding services to their owners, if more attention were given to their proper teaching. Every one knows the horse to be possessed of a large amount of intelligence, but it was left for Rary to demonstrate to what extent this could be cultivated, and how much his system had done to render this noble animal better fitted to serve the wants of mankind, few realize.

All farmers who have had any experience at all in rearing and training domestic animals, know the readiness with which they comprehend what is wanted of them, and how soon a little patience in teaching them is rewarded. Dogs are very tractable and are usually the recipients of more attention than is given to any other animal the companion of mankind. We remember an old

friend who had a favorite dog he had learned to "sit" as is the custom of the Friends before partaking of meals. On giving him food and saying "Quebec," the dog would assume a most becoming attitude with head reverently bowed, and upon hearing a light "cheese" from his master the dog would commence eating. Knowing horses are commonly met with, and it is a pity an animal possessing so large a share of intelligence, and so useful to man, is not made more serviceable by being better educated. Those who have seen Mrs. D'Arthurs handle her favorite colts "Young Pennants"—now a year old and for which \$3,500 has been several times refused—and "Budge," have been astonished at the high degree of knowledge exhibited by colts six months old. When at this age both these colts were so completely "broken" as went colts at three and four years of age, being accustomed to the harness, knowing the reins completely, besides performing several little acts showing the effect of training, such as laying down when told to do so, stepping on a high block, saying "yes" and "no," by means of the head, etc. Some have for ages been the type of ignorance and stupidity, but the result of persistent effort at teaching pigs have produced truly wonderful results. An intelligent writer in a recent number of Land and Water (London) gives a most interesting account of the learned pig of Bissett, and of the means employed to instruct him. It was sixteen months from the time Bissett began his efforts before he saw any signs whatever of approaching intelligence. Finally he trained the pig to be as docile and obedient as a spaniel, and it was taught to spell names, count up to twenty, tell the hours, minutes and seconds, to know and make his obedience to the company and do various other acts. Various other animals were taught to perform wonderful tricks.

Visiting a good farmer, we went with him to "feed the pigs." On approaching the pen, instead of jumping into the trough and tearing about in frantic style, as is almost universally the case, the pig assumed an immovable attitude in the rear of the pen, only approaching the trough quietly after the food had been deposited there. A very little training had accomplished this, and when it is reasonable to suppose the same amount would produce like results in other cases, it seems strange there are no more good mannered pigs.

Although the great majority of instances in training and teaching animals, birds, fishes, etc., are remarkable, yet they are not of a practically serviceable kind in the interest of humanity. By them, however, we are made to believe that the same patience and perseverance, if employed by our farmers generally in their intercourse with the domestic animals of the farm, could be made to produce the most beneficial results.—Maine Farmer.

## THE RIDDLES.

## Enigma.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 17, 4, 9, 8, 16, is a water fowl.  
My 6, 14, 10, 15, 7, is a part of a building.  
My 18, 2, 8, 17, 12, is a shade or color.  
My 30, 18, 5, 12, 16, is one who receives.  
My 11, 10, 1, is a man in the Bible.  
My whole is a line from Tennyson.  
AUNTIE FRIZZLE.

## Middle.

My first is in bees, but not in honey,  
My second is in plum, but not in money;  
My third is in mellow, but not in ripe,  
My fourth is in meat, but not in tripe;  
My fifth is in leave but not in go,  
My sixth is in power, but not in woe;  
My whole has a rich and a sunny spell,  
And soon it will bid us a long farewell.  
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

## A Question.

What Scripture name is it that calls a boy and he answers his father?  
INNISFAIR.

## Word Square.

To boast.  
A city.  
Signifies "So be it."  
A man.  
Louisville, Ky. EDWARD WARD.

## Conundrums.

Why are young ladies fond of pastry-cook's shops? Ans.—Because it is the place to find sweethearts (sweet tart).  
Why do they go up so much more of pears, peaches, and small fruits now than formerly? Ans.—Because they can.  
Why is a three-cent worm like a fox? Ans.—Because it's a skin-hard (Reynard).  
What invitation would be dangerous and disloyal to a soldier? Ans.—One asking him to dinner and desert.  
When does the House of Representatives present one of the most ludicrous spectacles? Ans.—When its eyes (eyes) are on one side, and its nose (nose) on the other!

[At any rate some cheek goes on both sides.]  
After this delightful M. C. riddle, we beg you to state what three cases comprise the chief business of women's lives? Ans.—Ait-act, contr-act, det-act!  
What's the difference between a honeycomb and a honey-moon? Ans.—One consists of a number of small cells, the other of one great cell.

If you wish a very religious man to go to sleep, by what imperative name should you address him? Ans.—Nip-boly-un.

What sea would a man most like to be in on a wet day? Ans.—Aristide.  
[Of course a dry sea without a hole in the roof, or, to make another sea, that would have made it dry in it. P.S.—Unconsciously long "Mediocrity," as we don't suppose it is bit more beautiful now than when it was split in only three letters, namely G, A, N, C. (Glean Sea).]

Why is the tolling of a bell like the praying of a hypocrite? Ans.—Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

## Answers to last.

CHARADE—Mo-quitto. Mos, key, too.  
WORD SQUARE—

PICK  
IDEA  
CELL  
KALI  
BIBLICAL SQUARE—  
VIAL  
IDDO  
ADAM  
LOR